

A Special
Super-Duper
Neat Issue:

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 27

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The GROUPIES and Other Girls

ANNA

TRIXIE MERKIN

The GTO's

★ THE PLASTER CASTERS ★



BARON WOLMAN



Mercy, Miss Mercy, it's Mercy of the GTOs! Groupies & Other Girls story starts Page 11.

BEATLES AS CINDERELLA: A SOVIET FAIRY TALE

The following essay first appeared on December 3rd, under the title "A Fairy Tale About a Present-Day 'Cinderella,'" in the Russian publication *Sovetskaya Kultura*, a daily paper published by the Ministry of Culture of the Soviet Union and the Central Committee of Professional Cultural Workers.

While the professional cultural workers missed the mark on a few points, such as the Beatles hair, we're certain you'll agree it's interesting to read the Soviet view. (We must warn that the article was in error when it said that Two Virgins had been released.) Special thanks to Ieva Vitins of the University of California Center of Slavic Studies for preparing this translation.

BY A. MARTYNOVA

The four "Cinderellas" are George Harrison, Paul McCartney, John Lennon and Ringo Star. After the stunning suc-

cess of their first songs they travelled all over the hemisphere, released mountains of records and drove crowds of teenagers out of their minds; they brought to life hundreds of similar ensembles, earned millions of dollars, and returned home to Great Britain where the Queen received and congratulated them. Tears of adoration appeared in the eyes of millions of admirers—it is, after all, moving to see such simple and pleasant fellows get such high honors; it's as if they had rewarded you also. And so you sit by the TV or listen to records:

"Yesterday, all my troubles were so far away . . . O, I remember yesterday . . ."

You're at peace in your soul—they say that the English treasury's been enriched, but now you have heroes that aren't imaginary, ones who're always with you. Especially if you're not inclined toward

reading, and if you don't trust all that abstruse gibberish "which is written only to confuse normal people." It's immensely more interesting to hear something new about one's idols—who got married, how many rooms there are in his apartment, and how that scandal in New York will end where John expressed himself so unfortunately about Jesus Christ.

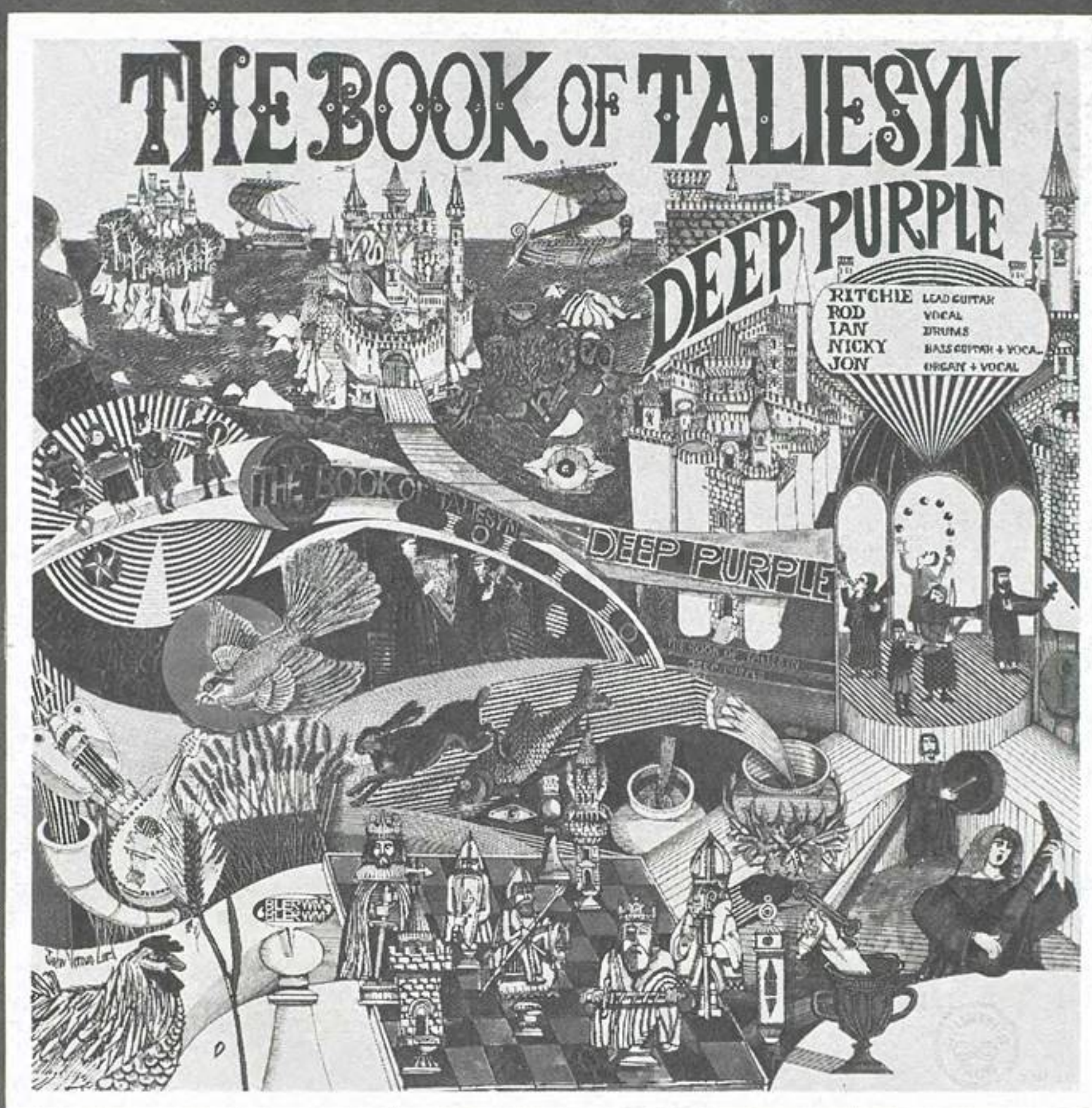
The Philistine must have his idols to worship. He lives their lives as if they were his own.

The first English tour was successful. True, cries and sighs were not yet audible. Then, however, the Beatles released their fourth record, "She Loves You." With it began the general rage for the style of "yeah-yeah." Around that time the Beatles began to let their hair grow; in addition, they started dressing in a way that took into account that they should resemble no one. The people of

Liverpool wondered at them but also began to let their hair grow, thereby upholding the prestige of their fellow townsmen. Then came the day when the Beatles were no longer simply an interesting musical ensemble, but "sensation number one" on the pages of the foremost London papers. On October 13, 1963, they performed at the Palladium in London. On the following day all the papers came out with headlines and photos. These weren't critical reviews, but a chronicle of events: police, victims, and flight by way of the back exit. Beatlemania had begun.

First-hand reports, covers of magazines with circulation in the millions, and mountains of souvenirs, shirts, suspenders, lighters—the market began to work for the Beatles, fanning the flame of Beatlemania. And, according to the steel logic of economics, the Beatles began to

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DEEP
PURPLE

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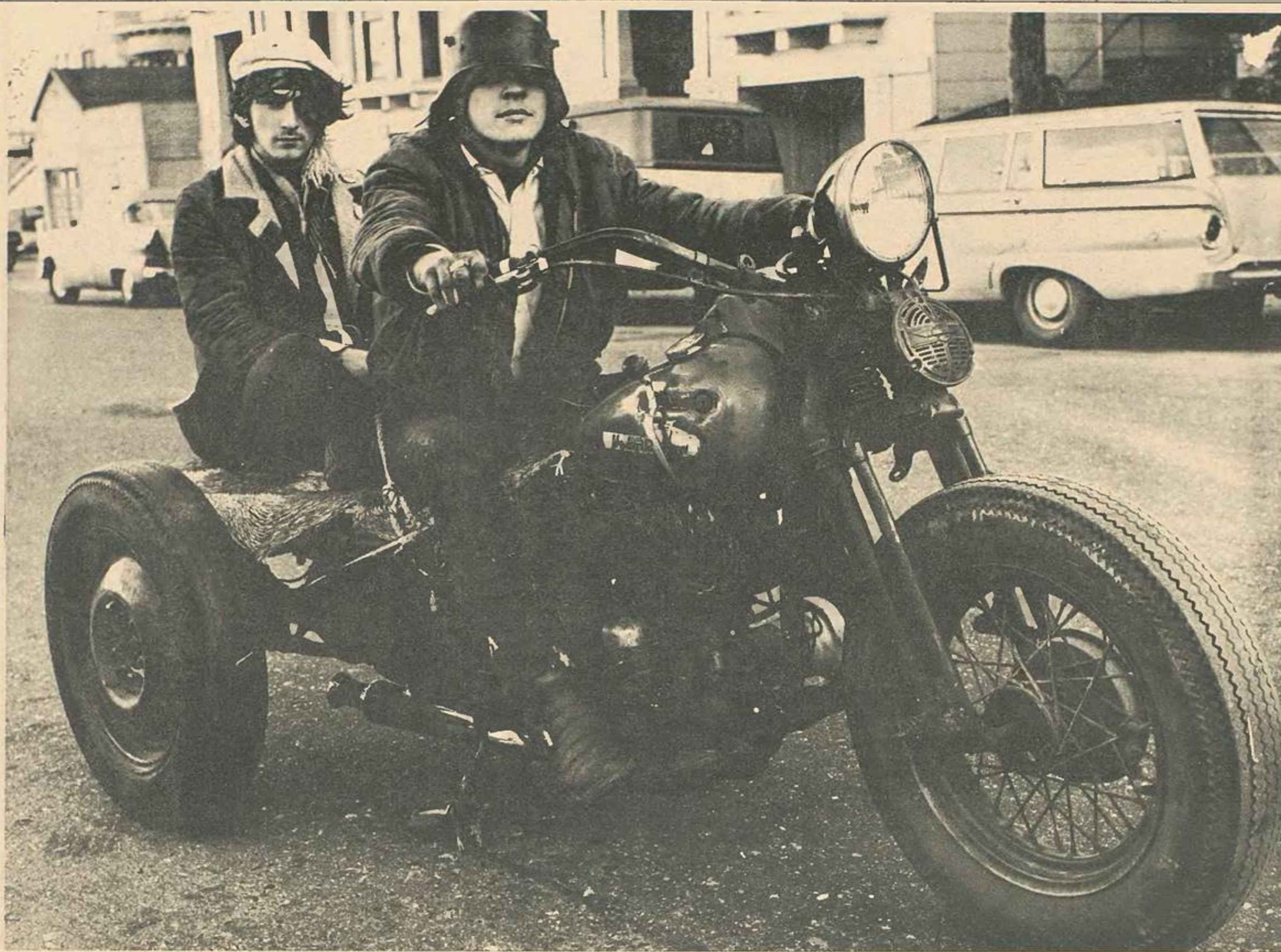
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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Being a native Texan and Houstonian with only a little outside exposure to the world, and that specifically the world of San Francisco, I wish to compliment you in general on your article about the Rock scene in our state.

One point I would make: Robert Sherill did not write "The Super-Americans," it was written by John Bainbridge and published by Doubleday in 1961.

Another complaint I have is the total bullshit of the rider article titled "Tex-Mex." Barret Hansen should have done a little research before starting off an article about the Panhandle as "Tex-Mex," since the correction is made in the end. "Tex-Mex" and "Panhandle" are entirely separate. The music is, as stated, Buddy Holly for the latter and Trini Lopez for the former.

Except for these two exceptions, it is a fine article, you do tell it almost exactly like it is, that's our Rock scene. You must conform to it, or get out, as so many of the good players have.

Your readers in other parts of the country, where maybe the heat isn't so bad, won't know what it's like to be here, where if your hair is long you can't walk into any number of places because you'll be hassled by the super straight establishment.

I wouldn't want to guess at the number of rock bands in Houston, but when the "Teen-Age Fair" was held last summer, the "Battle of the Bands" brought in untold numbers of youngsters, from elementary school through college age, to compete. It has been estimated that there are between 300 and 400 bands in the metropolitan Houston area. Most of these groups will be content to play high school dances, and make local records, but once in a while, there will be a bright spark of creativity that won't be kept down, and this will drive the group to seek a sympathetic scene, and probably San Francisco will add still another group.

CARLYLE EASTLAND
 HOUSTON, TEXAS

SIRS:

Hooray whoopie cushion!

Print more shortcut shortcake short-story Richard Brautigan. Luftwaffe,

BRUCE CONNER
 SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

I just thought your un-Midwest readers might be interested in knowing that Tony Glover (he wrote the Big Brother piece in the November 23 issue) did an excellent job on harmonica at the otherwise shit Doors concert here in Minneapolis in November.

STEVE SELDEN
 NORTHFIELD, MINN.

SIRS:

I guess that correspondent Eric Ehrman has never seen the Who, because if he had he'd know that the MC5 are nothing but very poor imitations of that quartet. Every member of the 5, 'cept Thompson the drummer, imitates Pete Townshend in movements and general jumping around; Tyner flips his mike around like the Who's Daltrey; and Thompson even sweats like Moon! Seriously, the MC5 are quite a second-rate group—loud as hell, but second-rate nevertheless.

As for the 5's "attempt to politicize" our culture—well, the first thing out of Tyner's mouth at the free Fillmore East concert was, "We ain't here for politics, we're here to play rock and roll." Now this was a direct reference to the attempt that was being made by several members of the audience to get some of the people outside into the Fillmore. There'd been a whale of a lot of shouting at David Peel and his Lower East Side over this same problem before the 5 came on, and it became obvious that the MC5 weren't interested in politicizing Bill Graham, let alone "culture."

Listen, keep your magazine at the high level it's at right now, but don't let your power go to your heads! (Please.)

BRUCE ALPERT
 JAMAICA, N.Y.

SIRS:

Man, the MC5 sure are groovy. Smoke mucho dope, tease hair, pose for publicity pics nude, with beads. I mean, they're really original, right?

Used to be most rock and roll records were consumed by 13-14-year-old girls. The emergence of Dylan, Beatles, Stones, blah blah brought a new level of sophistication and an appeal to a more mature public (be assured I'm not bad-rapping pre-1964 rock).

Now it appears MC5 would take us back to the pre-pubescent period. Who else would fall for MC5's hype but 13-14-year-old teenies? Their record better be a fucking blockbuster or they'll sink into the oblivion they deserve for attempting to push this shit on us.

Kick out the MC5, motherfuckers.

JOHN BICKLER
 EL MONTE, CALIF.

SIRS:

I don't know who are the biggest group of shitheads; the MC5 or Eric Ehrmann and the editors of ROLLING STONE. This article gives me no indication whatsoever what this group is about.

On one hand Ehrmann's prose reads like something out of Sixteen or Flip. "Lead guitarist Wayne Kramer, 20, born in Detroit of a lower middle-class background—digs wearing brown Stetson Saratoga shoes with the white stitching penciled in." Why don't you mention what their favorite things are, and what kind of girls they like to date?

On the other hand are some of the group and the personnel, most prolific being John Sinclair, "mentor-manager," "poet-philosopher," not necessarily in that order: "I guess you could say our thing is a condemnation of everything that is false and deceitful in our society."

"Yeah, that's the middle class all right," responds Wayne Kramer, as if the exclusive rights had been bought.

Especially interesting was the energy of environment theory, and there is nothing I like better than groups that get themselves busted for publicity.

The only reason I don't discount this

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BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

A Soviet View of the Beatles as Cinderella

—Continued from Page One

work for the market. Both sides were winners. Who, then, was on the losing side at that time? During the first stage in this escalation of success, it seemed that no one was.

Aside from unfortunate parents, perhaps, these spiritual tragedies bothered no one. They were played out in the young hearts of girls who had become victims of their "first love"—an emotion deeply false, but nevertheless in no way less intense than real feeling. For the first time in their lives the girls loved for real... imagined heroes, to be sure, but at the same time, not ones thought up by themselves. They were ready for everything for the sake of their love. Thousands of crazed teenagers stupefied by the unceasing "yeah-yeah" rushed toward their idols with the despair of the condemned.

Only some time later sociologists busied themselves with this problem, and it came to the surface that idol-worship is not merely a "disease of an age" but that it is a direct result of the spiritual, but more exactly, spiritless atmosphere of bourgeois society in which youth seeks out its "gods" in order to protest against the canonized "gods." It appeared that Power, Money, Career, and Well-being no longer instilled children, even of bourgeois families, with great respect. Furthermore, they rejected these values and sought their own.

It is not accidental that in the beginning of the Sixties young people tossed about the expression "don't trust anyone older than thirty!" Upon consideration, it's not as eccentric as it appears at first glance—not to trust anyone when you're sixteen is not only difficult, but even unnatural. Is it possible that children simply stopped loving their parents and became egoists before their time? As is well known, each family has its black sheep, but in recent years in America and Europe there have been far too many families that have given rise to "black sheep" who have become vagabonds, criminals, dope addicts, so that it has become necessary to sound the alarm.

The phenomenon of youth abandoning the bourgeois family is spreading so rapidly and unpredictably, and at times takes on such ugly forms, that its essence becomes obscured. Beatlemania and after that "mods," "rockers," "hippies," "yuppies," "diggers," and "vagabonds" [?]—what a number of incredible movements and anti-movements have sprung up during some ten years in the life of one society... When they first appeared they brought on condescending laughter: when one's young, one's green; they'll get over sowing their wild oats! Later people began to observe more closely and became alarmed.

Beatlemania was one of the symptoms. Kindled by this society with the help of the radio, movies, TV and the press, Beatlemania mangled spirits while "grownups" looked on in bewilderment. As soon as the Beatles reached the height of their success, that is, when they were transformed from "Cinderellas" into idols, the fairy tale, as one is wont to say, comes to an end. Even if they sing about "love which is not for sale" or compose romantic ballads or shout "yeah-yeah"—it no longer matters, for now everything will be swallowed up just the same. It wasn't only the songs written by the Beatles that stopped belonging to them, but they themselves—after all, they also had their own lives—became the property of show business. Everything flowed together into the sea of Beatlemania; in fact, now the music was of lesser interest than they themselves. The Beatles willy-nilly had to keep up the created legend.

Therefore they publicly had to tell which girls they were spending their free time with, and, in addition to that, whether or not they were planning to get married (at this point the pictures of their sweethearts were printed in the magazines). Each step had to be carefully thought out, because they no longer had the right to live simply "like everybody." Moreover, they became fabulously rich—indeed, every feminine tear turned into a dollar. Brian Epstein and some others involved with their affairs got rich. Around 1966 not only popular magazines, but also the Wall Street



Arlo & Alice's Restaurant Hit the Flicks

These photos are of Alice and Arlo on the set of the United Artists movie, *Alice's Restaurant*. How they got there is a true-life rock and roll success story, so heartening in its every detail that clearly it could only have been like that.

Alice Brock used to have this restaurant in Stockbridge, Mass. Alice had in mind to publicize the joint when she approached one of the hangers-on, Arlo Guthrie, and asked him to write a song about Alice's restaurant (the real name of the place: The Back Door). "You know, Arlo, fifteen, thirty seconds," she said, "we'll use it as radio commercial." Arlo was agreeable and set right to work.

About two months after she had sold the place and split to Puerto Rico, Arlo came up with the song. It proved a little unwieldy for a commercial—stretching on, as it does, for 15 or 20 minutes—but Arlo's "Alice's Restaurant" wound up making more money than Alice's restaurant ever did. Since then, Alice has had several offers to open a chain of Alice's Restaurants, coast to coast. Right now, she's working up an Alice's

Journal, which caters mainly to businessmen, started printing items about the Beatles.

Here the incomprehensible happened—Brian Epstein died under mysterious circumstances resembling suicide. Nevertheless, the Beatles stopped performing. They gave their last performance in San Francisco in August, 1966. George Harrison and his wife left for India to study Buddhism under Maharishi-yoga; John Lennon took on another role in a film. Non-drinkers, the Beatles took up drugs, in part, LSD, which, according to the convictions of "the connoisseurs" opened up "a new, unfathomable reality." Newspapers began to talk about the group breaking up and about the end of such an incredible career.

Conversing with the Beatles, Hunter Davies noticed that they're confused, that they're looking for something, what that is they themselves can't understand, but basically they're looking for themselves. For they haven't had time to think, it turned out that they simply didn't have sufficient elementary knowledge to understand and appraise what was going on. Confusion led to despair—at one time the Beatles planned to renounce everything and to go off to an uninhabited island, but then they abandoned this idea which wouldn't have been so easy to realize.

Then a new idea was born, more acceptable to the society in which they live: the creation of their own stock company—"Apple." This also is an "island" of a sort, but one with a solid economic foundation. The shareholders have already gotten down to business—they have monopoly rights on any performance of their compositions. Moreover, fans recording their music are obliged to pay a fee to the company, Apple. The Beatles no longer perform for the public; everything that's done by them is recorded in a studio equipped with the most modern equipment, only on records and only for enormous sums of money.

Thus the Beatles have become businessmen. This activity now takes up the greater part of their time. True, records of their new songs from time to



Restaurant Cook Book.

Anyway, Arthur Penn, who responsible for *Bonnie & Clyde*, decided to produce a movie about the restaurant based on the song of the same name, and that bodes pretty well, when you think back on *Bonnie & Clyde*. Arlo plays himself (who else), and took a further hand in matters by joining the production crew in ferreting out all available freaks in Western Massachusetts to appear with him in *Alice's Restaurant*.

The whole story as related in Arlo's song is true—as far as a talking blues can be true—and the movie sticks pretty close to the song, except toward the end, where there's this nude scene and Alice finds herself getting balled by a motorcycle psycho. Ah, Hollywood. But the local freaks who were involved think the movie ought to be worth the price nonetheless. It's being edited now, for summer release.

Pat Quinn plays Alice in the movie, but since Miss Quinn is not the real Alice, and since Alice is better looking, we thought we'd use Alice's picture instead.

time appear on the market, and even with quite a bit of commotion. For instance, take the last record, *Two Virgins*. It went like hot cakes, and here's why: on the cover there was a photograph of John Lennon with his new girlfriend, Yoko Ono—both nude. Again there were headlines in the newspapers, again a "sensation." You can't get away from it. Without arousing the interest of the public, both Apple and the songs, however they were intended, won't last long.

It turns out that there's very little of the fantastic in the fairy tale but more and more numbers and calculations. True, some good songs remain, but they're not the ones that the young people sing when they go out into the streets to protest the war, violence and legalized slavery. They sing the songs of civil fortitude composed by Bob Dylan, Pete Seeger, Joan Baez, and others, ones who are truly popular youth singers. Their success, by the way, was in no way affected by Beatlemania. The Beatles have always been proud of their being apolitical and of their non-participation in the governmental machine. They invited one into the world of love, nature and pure feelings, in short, into another world, one separated from the surrounding one. Yet they didn't find such a world, even with the help of narcotics. Instead, they became the property of another world—of pop-art, the market, and business.

Nudity Gimmick for Bubblegum Music

NEW YORK—Album cover nudity is about to enter the "bubblegum" field. Neil Bogart, general manager of Buddah Records, has announced the upcoming release of an album containing some of the label's best sellers under the title, *The Naked Truth*, with an album cover that displays six nudes.

Bogart said the nudes in the album cover depict "what life is really all about" and that they also represent "the freedom of expression common to music today

and the new attitude toward living." Some of the hits included in the album are "Simon Says," "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy" and "Chewy, Chewy." Utterly predictable bullshit.

BEATLE SPLIT RUMOR

Apple Is Alive & Healthy in the UK

LONDON—The latest Beatle break-up brouhaha is rubbish. Ominous wire service stories claiming that Apple Records is going broke and that George Harrison and John Lennon are having fist-fights are untrue. No one has a black eye and Apple Records looks like it is enormously successful.

This latest break-up story was based on two separate incidents connected by an over-anxious news bureau of Associated Press in London. John Lennon gave a short interview to one of the smaller London pop papers, in which he said that if the Beatles went on spending money at the present rate, "all four of us will be broke in six months." The pop paper (Disc and Music Echo) used this quote as their headline, calling the story something like "We're Going Broke!"

At the same time, rumors were flying about activities inside London's Twickenham Studios where the Beatles were working every day in preparation for their now-cancelled "live" concert and a filming project still in the works. Rumor had it that there was a fist fight between George and John.

"There was no punch-up," George claims. "We just fell out. We got over the punch-up bit when we were in Liverpool. We just stopped speaking. When we fall out, we say more by keeping quiet."

The two items were put together into a story claiming great tensions inside the group, especially between George and John over the possible bankruptcy of Apple and the Beatles themselves.

The story about Apple is on the surface absurd. With two huge hit singles ("Hey Jude" and "Those Were The Days") and the enormously successful *The Beatles* set, Apple's problem is what to do with all the money.

There is a disagreement, though, on how to operate Apple and what direction it should take, and it is John and George who stand at opposite sides. The dispute is over the style and purpose of operations, and is one that will likely take some time to resolve.

Meanwhile, the Beatles indefinitely postponed their "live" concert, but have gone ahead with the filming of their rehearsals for it, recording and writing new material for a one hour documentary film. Dennis O'Dell, formerly the head of Apple Films, is producing the show. This may end up being their "TV concert," and they have already completed eight new songs for it.

Stones USA Tour Still Uncertain

LONDON—The Rolling Stones tour of the United States, tentatively planned for late March to early May, is very much up in the air, and may not happen at all, if Brian Jones' legal difficulties cannot be resolved.

The band definitely will not travel without Jones, whose appeal of a \$120 fine for possession of hash has been dismissed by a London appeals court. He had been fined for "cannabis resin" found at his Chelsea flat in May. With this misdemeanor still on his record, it may prove difficult for Jones to obtain an American visa.

A spokesman for the Allen Klein office in New York (the firm represents the Stones in America) says nothing is definite about the tour, which was to have included 27 American concerts. "The dates we lined up several weeks ago are all confirmed—each with a big question mark."

It is known that the dates have shifted. Originally, the Stones were to have ended their tour on May 3 at Oakland Coliseum. Then an April 13 date for Oakland, with April 11 and 12 in Los Angeles, reached the news. The Klein office confirms that the latter dates "were considered, and may turn out to be the ones."

However, a check with Oakland Coliseum—Continued on Page 6

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Random Notes

Until Bobbie Gentry (and "Ode to Billie Joe") popularized the idea, nobody much ever jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge at Greenwood, Mississippi. It isn't much of a jump, anyway—it's only 20 feet to the muddy Tallahatchie River below—and the chances of being killed (or even getting hurt) are minimal. But since Billie Joe MacAllister did it, dozens have taken the plunge. Finally, the LeFlore County Board of Supervisors decided enough was enough, passed a law against the leap—and tacked on a fine. Unless you are fortunate enough to die, it will cost you \$100.

Spanky McFarland, of Our Gang, became Mrs. Madison Charlie on December 30, when she and Mr. Charlie (who's road manager for the Turtles) were wed in Miami, following the Pop Festival. The bride wore a simple African wedding gown and yellow bell bottoms. She carried a spray of pink roses. The groom wore funky road manager attire. On stage for the ceremony at the Assembly, a Miami folk and rock club, were the Turtles, Our Gang, Mr. Tiny Tim and Mr. Richie Havens, who sang a set while champagne corks popped.

Mr. Tiny Tim will star in a one-hour TV spectacular entitled "Tiny Tim's Baseball," patterned along the lines of "Sophia Loren's Rome," "Jackie Kennedy's White House," and "Elizabeth Taylor's London." Mr. Sandy Koufax and Mr. Don Drysdale will co-star with Mr. Tim. Filming will begin April 6.

Those readers living in New York City can now partake of free poetry readings in the splendor of their own cold-water flats by simply dialing a telephone number, thanks to the Architectural League of New York's sponsorship of poet John Giorno's Dial-A-Poem project.

Simply dial 628-0400 and you may hear verse written and read by Allen Ginsburg, David Henderson, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, Ron Padgett, Bill Burkson, William Burroughs, Taylor Mead, John Perreault, Ed Sanders, Peter Schjeldahl, Emmett Williams and Giorno himself. Each poet contributed twelve verses, so there are 156 separate works available; the poems are changed every day. Giorno, who organized several poetry readings in Central Park last summer, got the Dial-A-Poem idea while telephoning for weather information.

The death knell sounded for turtle-necks and medallions last week with their appearance on a Bad Guy in the *Rex Morgan, MD* comic strip. The bad-die wears his hair short and slicked back, Frankie Avalon-style, and he's got a belt at the waist of his turtle-neck tunic, which gives him the appearance of a cossack more than anything else—but the medallion (a red bicycle reflector affair on a heavy chain) is pure 1966 Eric Burdon. The villain's name is Vic, and he's in charge of S.I.L., an underground organization dealing in dope and revolution. Vic has got all the best lines—and a Cunning Plan: "No one in S.I.L. will ever wear a beard again! We must change our image—[to] that of All-American boys! We must disrupt from within. I want you to tell the students to join every stupid university organization they can think of—even the Glee Club!" (Dr. Rex Morgan himself doesn't come off nearly so well. Says he is down on pot because, while it's not physically habit-forming, it is psychologically habit-forming, dangerous, causes irritability, detachment, confusion, drowsiness. Worst of all, Dr. Morgan pronounces it "marihauna." That's the way it's spelled in his dialogue balloon.)

Grace Slick, the Jefferson Airplane's singer lady, was recently in and out of the hospital in San Francisco for removal of nodes from her throat. It's not the first time she's had it done, and it's nothing much to be concerned about. Many performers who place prolonged and strenuous demands on their vocal equipment—rock vocalists, opera stars, politicians, clergymen—periodically have the operation done. We saw Grace backstage at a Mothers concert and asked how she felt. "Oh, fine," she said, a lit-

tle huskily. "I shouldn't talk for a month or so." She grinned "But I am anyway."

Far out: Pat Boone is doing an album under the production of Zal Yanovsky and Jerry Yester, to be called *Departure*, and intimations are that it will be easy-listening sike-ay-dell-ick. Old Pat claims he has loosened up a mite since the old days—he used to crusade against all the evils—drugs, booze, tobacco and cheap thrills—but he smokes a pipe these days. A tobacco pipe.

Hair today and gone tomorrow? That may finally be the story on the installment-plan break-up of the Lovin' Spoonful, a group which has taken longer to become defunct than any within recent rock and roll memory. Their latest LP *Revelation Revolution 69* (on which Joe Butler and Steve Boone appear), was made primarily to fulfill contractual obligations. Neither Butler nor Boone have any immediate plans to do another Spoonful album, although both will continue in music.

Butler made his debut as an actor. He plays the part of the lead, Claude, in the New York production of *Hair* and will continue to do so for the next few months. "I was getting bored with singing," he said. "After doing a song two or three hundred times it got to be an effort to look like you were really enjoying it and having fun on stage. While singing with the group had once been fun, it had become a business and, as such, boring."

Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, a bluegrass-funk-rock-unk-wow group from San Francisco led by the ex-Charlatan has signed a recording contract with Epic Records. Columbia, which owns Epic, is also supposed to be signing two other San Francisco groups (in a turtle-neck 'n' turtle-neck race with Mercury Records for local product), Santana Blues Band and It's A Beautiful Day. But now we hear talk of them somehow reneging on the deals and waiting for a "Fillmore" record label that Bill Graham wants to start.

In other signings, Jethro Tull, a British quartet of whom very good things are said, have signed in this country with Reprise Records. They all hope to have out their first American album *This Was* (already on release in Britain) before the end of January to coincide with Jethro Tull's first tour of this country.

Jimi Hendrix bassist Noel Redding, meanwhile, is recording a solo LP without the rest of the Hendrix group.

Of further interest in the recording scene is that A&M Records now has all the original Byrds under contract except David Crosby (producer on the Warners label) and Jim McGuinn, who is still a Byrd. Mike Clark is drumming with Dillard & Clarke, and Gene Clarke leads Dillard and Clark; Chris Hillman plays and sings with the Flying Burrito Brothers.

And what's happening with the new Crosby-Stills-Nash alliance? Well, Columbia has Graham Nash's contract and Atlantic has Steve Stills' contract (owned in turn by Warners which has David Crosby's, but no problem there since Warners owns Atlantic.) The problem is that both Columbia and Atlantic want the record and won't let go of their two artists so the record can be issued on one or the other of the labels.

In still further complications, A&M had agreed with Pogo, a group formed out of the old Buffalo Springfield (whence came Steve Stills) by Richie Furay and Jim Messina, to a recording contract, but it turns out they can't get out of their old ties to Atlantic. Thus, another good album (at least the group is excellent live) is being held up.

The following Special Press Release From The Fugs, dated January 10, for immediate release, was received in our offices on a piece of unofficial looking red paper. We present it in that spirit, in its entirety:

Bill Wolf, the legendary bass player for The Fugs, Reprise recording artists, was admitted to Bellevue Hospital early this morning claiming to be Paul McCartney.

Stones USA Tour

—Continued from Page 4

seum officials reveals that the earlier May 3 date was cancelled "a few weeks ago"—and no new date set.

Nothing will be decided for certain until Mick Jagger returns to London from his South and North America visit, soon.

Who Finishing Rock Opera

LONDON—The Who's forthcoming rock and roll opera, *Deaf, Dumb and Blind Boy*, has been delayed due to unexpected difficulties with the project. However, what was planned to be one album will now turn out as a two-LP set.

"We've got it about three-tenths finished, maybe a half finished," Pete Townshend said. "We couldn't squeeze all of it into one album, so we decided to do two. Despite that, it is strong and complete, and we've sorted out all the weak points in the plot."

According to Townshend, the double album will be accompanied by an 11-page booklet by artist Mike McKinney inside the set. Townshend describes it as "surrealistic fine art, done in a very delicate style which lends itself to the story. It doesn't tell the story, but indirectly comments on it."

Although the sessions for the LP are expected to be completed sometime in the middle of February, the release date for the set is tentatively put at sometime in May. A track titled "Pinball Wizard" will probably be pulled from the album and released as a single.

"It's at the point now," Pete continued, "where it is completely insane. The idea has gotten less and less heavy, but we are doing the best stuff we've ever done. A lot of our dreams have been realized."

Record Industry Ups LP and Single Prices

NEW YORK—An impending industry-wide price increase of 19 cents per LP is expected to have little or no effect on discount record store prices, though leading discount chains are not certain how they will react.

CBS, Mercury, Motown and Musicor upped their prices (from \$4.79 to \$4.98, from \$5.79 to \$5.98, and so on) two weeks ago, and RCA had already done so a month ago. This brings the price of LPs back up to where they were three years ago when price reduction came about due to removal of an excise tax on albums.

Though it's likely most record companies will raise their prices correspondingly, two of the leading discount sales operations continue to sell at their old prices (\$2.99 for an LP formerly listed at \$4.79 and now listed at \$4.98, for example).

Says a spokesman for Tower Records (seven branch stores in California): "We haven't decided whether or not to raise prices. Possibly we will, probably not." He agreed with a Discount Records official (18 branch stores nationally, recently acquired by CBS Records) who said that if there is a discount price increase, it would amount only to four or five cents—not the full 19 cents.

"I don't think it will affect us at all," says Discount's man. But he added that no decision had been made to date.

CBS (and its subsidiary label, Epic) has also raised single records prices from 94 to 98 cents.

THE CREAM:

Final Album and Farewell Film Due

Cream's farewell album, titled *Good-bye*, is due for release at the end of January. It is a one record package, containing three live recordings and their last three studio efforts. The cover features the trio in silk suits, top hats and other regalia, leaning backwards with hands outstretched in the classic vaudeville trouper pose. The song titles include: "I'm So Glad," "Politician," "Sit-



Cream: That's all, folks

ting On Top of The World," "Badge," "Doing That Scrapyard Thing," and "What a Bringdown." The record will also include a hang-em-high poster.

In other news of the Cream, an "in concert" film of the farewell performance is about to be made available to the public. When the Cream played their final concert November 26 at Albert Hall in London, the performance was filmed by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Plans are now underway to do something absolutely unique in the entertainment field. That BBC film is in the process of being made available for showings in this country on almost exactly the same basis as the live performances of the Cream.

Creative Management Associates have booked the film to debut in New York at Carnegie Hall in February and in a second performance at Symphony Hall in Boston. If this is a success, it will be offered either as a special single feature or in conjunction with a solo performer or a group to colleges around the country.

CMA, according to Variety, expects the film of The Cream to gross about a quarter of a million dollars in its first year in release. Guarantees are being set at 60 percent of the gross receipts. Just like a live concert.

Although no plans are set yet for the film to be put into release in movie houses, that is certainly a possibility for the future. If successful it could open up all kinds of possibilities not the least of which would be the sociological essays dealing with the reality of illusion.

THE MOTHERFUCKERS

Fillmore East vs. The East Village: The Full Report

The contretemps between Bill Graham and the New York Motherfuckers contingent has been simmering and broiling toward bloody violence for weeks. A full report on the background, the foreground and all the attendant emotions that brought the rock people and the revolution people into confrontation, as prepared by ROLLING STONE's New York bureau chief, follows.

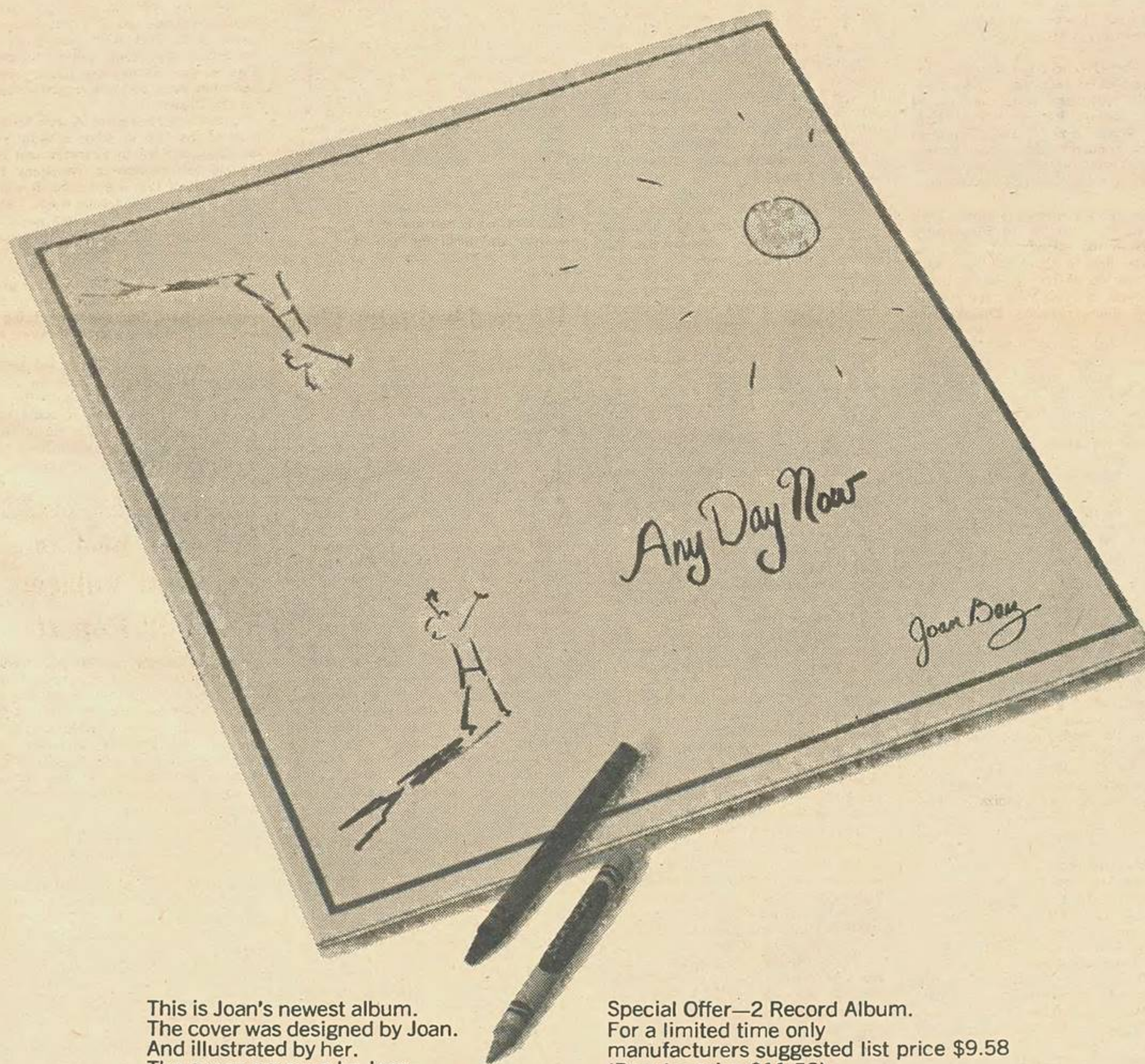
BY PAUL NELSON

NEW YORK — In retrospect, the stormy and sometimes violent ten-week battle between Bill Graham's Fillmore East and the "revolutionary" Motherfuckers-led segment of New York's East Village hip community was a clash between two styles of life—two philosophies, if you will—which would have had a difficult time adjusting to each other under the most favorable of conditions—and conditions were far from favorable during the entire entanglement.

On one hand, Graham delights in taking responsibility for his actions and is deeply concerned with operating his business at maximum efficiency. He clearly regards the Fillmore East as "my property, since I pay the rent." On the other hand, the amorphous "community," a coalition of various factions without any duly appointed leadership, seems to reject any collective responsibility, preferring instead the protection of segmental camouflage.

The dispute goes to the heart of capitalism: who owns what. Graham is into "property"; Ben Morea, Motherfuckers spokesman, feels that "property" —Continued on Page 8

*This is a collection of Bob
Dylan's songs sung by
Joan Baez*



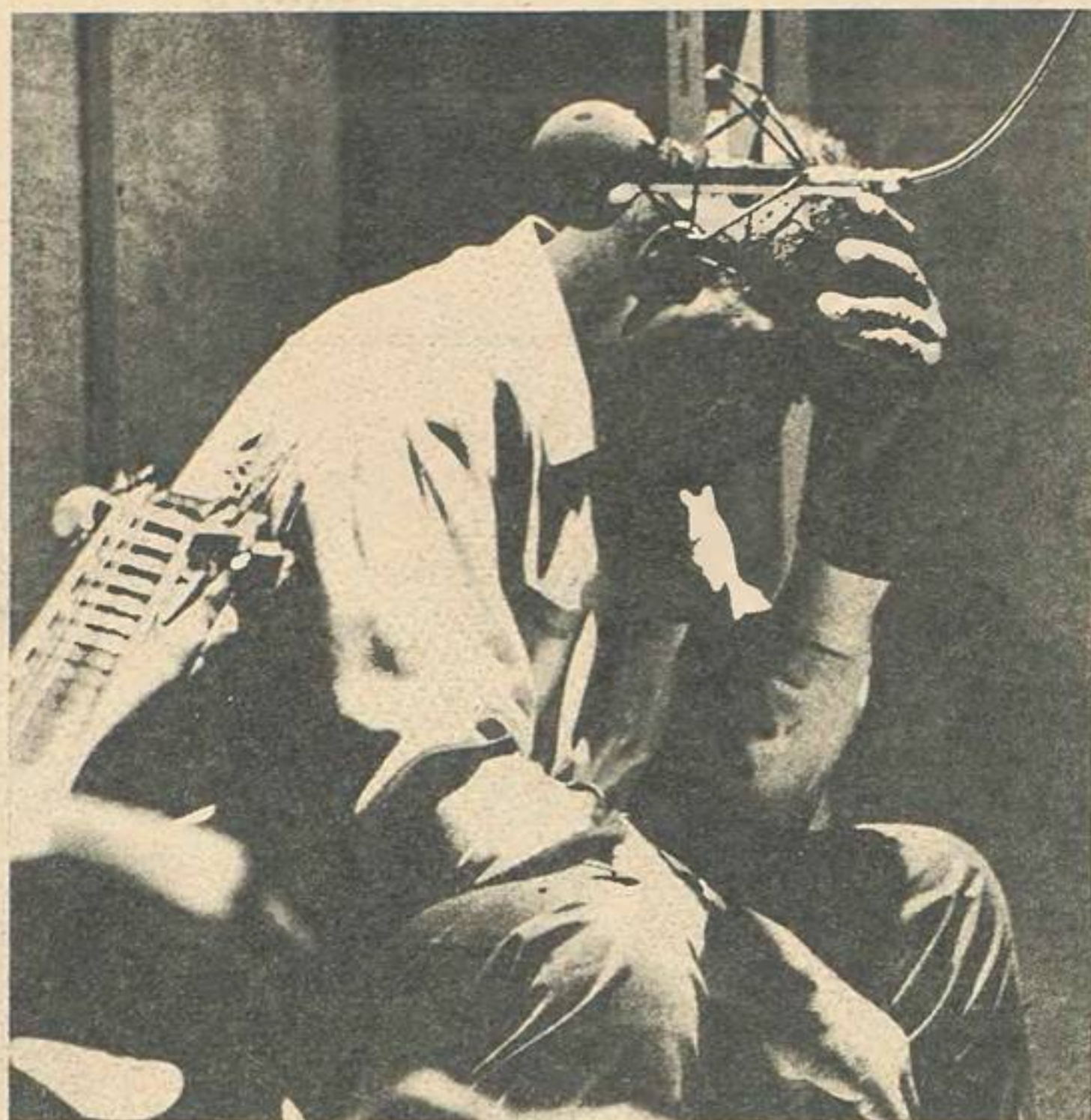
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VANGUARD

RECORDINGS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR





These photos, supplied by Chess Records, show Howlin' Wolf during session: steeling himself to get it on; unable to; listening to Mr. Chess; doing it; regretting it.

CHESS DOES IT AGAIN

Electric Wolf: 'Man, It's Dogshit'

CHICAGO—Chess Records, the company that attempted to turn the Top-40 market onto Muddy Waters by backing him with a studio rock and roll band and calling it *Electric Mud*, is at it again—this time with Howlin' Wolf.

Wolf, who's always recorded and performed with traditional blues accompaniment, has been recorded with the same lineup of musicians that back Muddy on *Electric Mud*, in an effort to give him a "modern-day sound," in the words of a Chess publicity statement. (Critics lambasted *Electric Mud*.)

Chess spokesman Loren Coleman said it had been tough to get Wolf into the studio with the "big-beat," "now-generation" band. The 260-pound blues singer had to be pushed through the door ("I wish we had a picture of that," says Coleman) and then wouldn't perform until Phil Chess "came in and gave him one of those I've-known-you-for-22-years looks."

Wolf is still muttering about the final results of the two recording sessions. "Man," he told one Chess official, "that stuff's dogshit."

But Coleman thinks the record should get a good reception. "Wolf doesn't dig it, but maybe it'll get him a big hit. The cat could really use the money, you know. There's a whole lot of people who don't listen to blues who might go for him in a new setting."

"Remember, a lot of people were knocked out and thought it was awful when Dylan went electric, too." (It is worth noting that in Dylan's case it was the artist himself who decided to "go electric.")

Except for one Willie Dixon number, all the blues recorded were Wolf's best-known, and include "Smokestack Lightnin'," and "Spoonful." No release date has been set for the album.



FULL REPORT

The Battle Over Fillmore East

—Continued from Page 6

is the least consideration. The most important thing is people's lives and living. One of the basic things in our culture is the absence of property or the lack of respect for property."

Morea continues: "The Fillmore's interests are not our interests, and that's the conflict. They're a business. We're not a business — we're a people who feel we have a culture which we want access to, that's been taken from us, and that's being used to make money for other people. We don't want just a show, we want to go back to those original attempts at having a community culture, not a money-making thing. By nature of the conflict, they're into making money, and we're into living. They're somewhere else, which don't dig and which is bullshit."

Here is what Kip Cohen, manager of Fillmore East, thinks of the Motherfuckers: "Oddly enough, the Motherfuckers, as an organization, while they may not be the most passive of the community factions, have become the spokesmen for the community — and the community has allowed them to become the spokesmen. When all the trouble was occurring, we were extremely disappointed in some of the saner members of the community who allowed this to go on without speaking up, the basic point being that it seemed that no one was willing to lose his cool by standing up and making a statement."

It is plain to see why the twain never really met.

Play *Rashomon* with us now as we examine various viewpoints about several key incidents.

• THE WBAI-FM CAPER.

Cohen claims that, in late October, the Motherfuckers, as representatives of the community, made their initial demands to "liberate" the Fillmore East for one free night a week over radio station WBAI-FM. According to Bob Rudnick and Dennis Frawley, rock columnists for *The East Village Other*, the community planned to use the hall for "free food, music, dancing, smoke, tumbling, nude dancing, and a flock of meetings . . . a free exchange of goods and energy."

Graham was eventually approached on the matter, but only after subsequent demands were made in the form of pamphlets distributed in the East Village. He said that he would have to approve the community's plans first. According to Cohen, their answer was: "Man, we ain't got time. Next Wednesday is our first show." Graham lost his temper and ordered them out of the building.

Morea denies a good deal of this. He claims that Graham, in early October, agreed to let the community use the hall one night a week but later changed his mind "for no reason. None of the Motherfuckers were ever on WBAI, there's no question about that. But there were other groups involved."

Ah, semantics.

• THE LIVING THEATER BENEFIT.

Both sides are in basic agreement on what happened in the early part of the evening. Morea: "We spoke to the Living Theater. They agreed that we should have the free night. So, on the night of their benefit for Columbia University strikers [held at the Fillmore], we decided to appeal to the audience to try to make it clear to Graham that a lot of people felt that the demand for one night a week was not out of the question."

"That night, the Living Theater did *Paradise Now*, but the performance was interrupted when somebody announced from the stage that the people were here and uptight about not having the theater. Graham came on stage and went through his whole riff with us about how 'You'll never get this theater' and all that shit. So nobody left the theater for a couple of hours. We negotiated with Graham, and he agreed to give us a night in the next week for a town meeting."

According to Cohen, the argument raged well into the early hours of the morning and the "town meeting" was to be at least partially a debate between Graham and the community.

Morea: "No, it was not to be a debate.

They gave it to us as a community assembly night to discuss what we would do with the Fillmore. They weren't supposed to debate with us whether we'd get it or not."

• THE TOWN MEETING OR THE DEBATE.

Cohen claims that, on arrival, the Motherfuckers told Graham (who had flown in from San Francisco especially for the meeting): "Fuck you. Fuck your goddamn town meetings. We don't need to talk. We don't need to rap. This is a fuck-in, man. We're here to have a good time. This is our crash pad for the winter. Can you dig it?" At midnight, they finally agreed to talk. An angry Graham told them that he did not recognize the Motherfuckers as true representatives of the community and once again ordered them out of the hall. Retaliations were threatened and the "debate" ended with "minor skirmishes and minor damage to property. Once again, we had to wait it out until they all left."

Morea: "When we got there, Graham had the stage set up with two tables and a lot of microphones. He told us that it was a debate between us and him. We said that we weren't there to debate, we were there to talk to ourselves, to eat together, to hear some music together, and to have a community night — and not to debate him. But he wasn't excluded."

• THE FREE NIGHTS AND THE LAW.

Cohen: "After the debate, some responsible members of the community asked to see us and told us that they didn't dig what went down that night either. They asked permission to come to us with a proper and responsible program. Our answer was an obvious yes. They came back a couple of days later with creative, constructive measures, and we agreed to give them the free use of the Fillmore East each Wednesday night."

"The first free night, in late November, was organized with music and workshops, but the theater was also full of Bowery bums, winos, people just dropping by, and speed freaks from St. Mark's Place who were not about to partake in anything creative. It was plain there would be obvious problems with the law." (Graham later specified them in an "open letter" to the community as "smoking on the premises, incidents of physical confrontation, and the blatant use, distribution, and sale of drugs on the premises — obviously illegal.")

Morea agrees that "There was one problem — dope. There was free use of dope, or fairly free. The police became very uptight because they knew they couldn't come in there and stop it because there were, like, a thousand people acting freely. So they pressured Graham and told him that they were going to close his theater down unless it was stopped. We told Graham that we would try to stop it in the way that we could. We could never stop people from using dope altogether — that's not part of our thing — but we could try to get them to cool it in the Fillmore. The next week, we made some announcements about it from the stage in, to be honest, a not-too-heavy manner. Some of it did stop, but there was still some use of it."

Cohen: "Inspector Pine from the First Division came down and asked us what had been going on on the free nights. We told him, and then he told us — and knew the story in greater detail than we did. He asked us what we could do to control it. I said I didn't think we could do anything to control it, since the green shirt of a Fillmore East usher wasn't about to be respected by the Motherfuckers. He told us that unless a conscious attempt was made to control certain problems, we would be in jeopardy of losing our license to operate. We told the community, and they said they understood."

"The following free night was a little better. The Wednesday after that was very bad. There was open dope smoking and damage to property. All through the free nights, sound equipment was constantly stolen or damaged — hundreds of dollars worth every single week."

Morea denies that equipment was stolen from and damage done to the hall: "There might have been, like, one seat or something wrecked, but there was no essential damage on any of these nights."

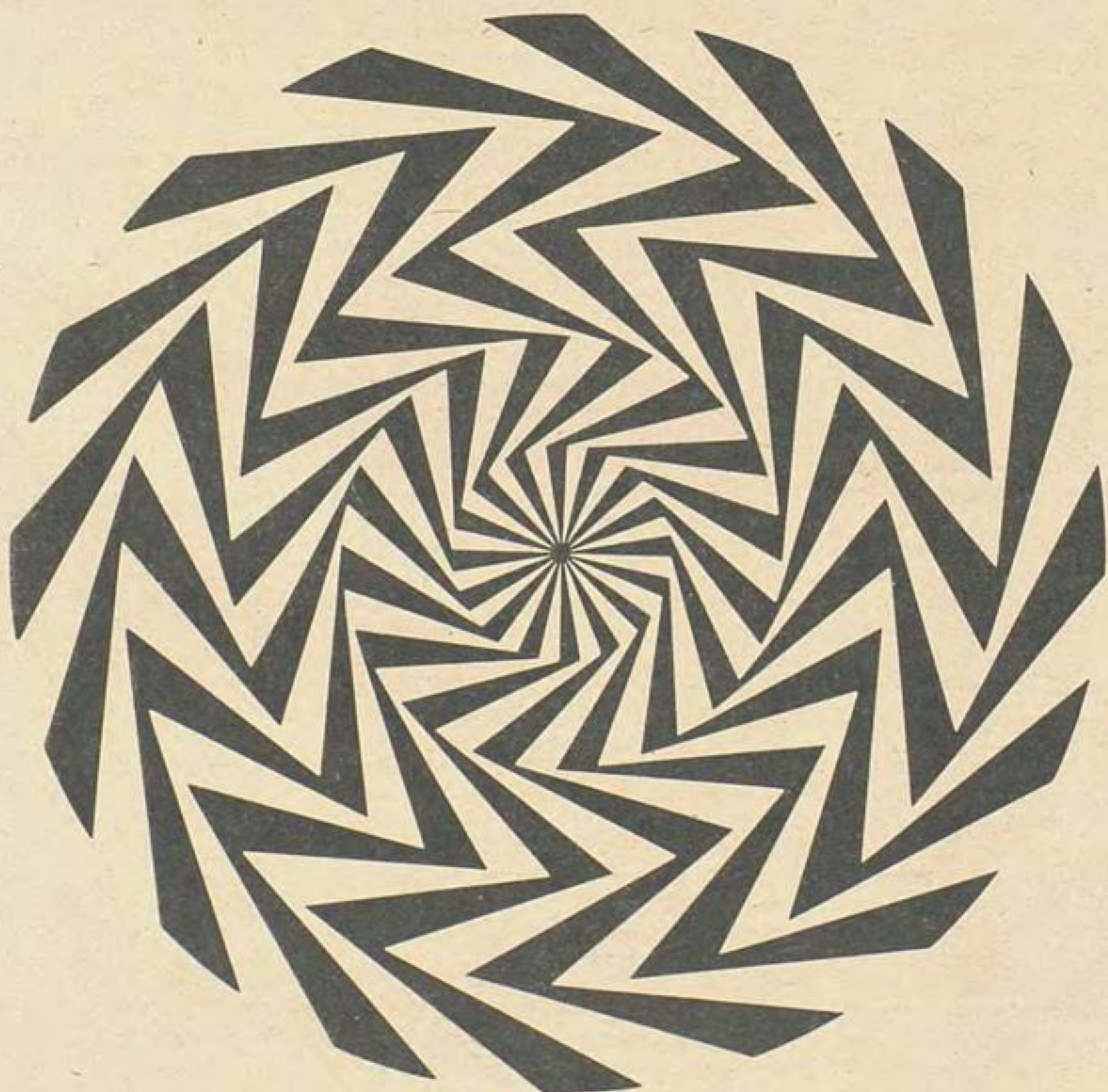
• GRAHAM'S "OPEN LETTER."

Again, the law — this time with a final warning. Graham circulated his "open letter" to the community via a

—Continued on Page 10

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FILLMORE EAST:

Graham - MF's
Battle Diary

—Continued from Page 8

public relations firm and pamphlets declaring the end of the free nights. He urged everyone "to accept our predicament (which is now your reality) with intelligence, understanding, and grace."

The Motherfuckers circulated an answer: "Situation: Pigs and Bill Graham stop free night. Why? They say we smoke, they say we take dope, but we know it's because they're afraid of us. Afraid that we'll learn it's ours. Afraid that we'll get together there to destroy their world and create our own."

"The pigs threaten to close Graham down unless he stops our free night. He doesn't have to worry about the pigs. We'll close him down. No free night, no pay night. Thursday night, they scheduled a 'free' concert for Elektra Records. We'll be there. And Friday and Saturday and always. The Lower East Side community has lost the use of the Fillmore. The Fillmore must lose the use of the community."

On the Monday before Christmas, which was to have been a free night because of the Wednesday holiday, the doors of the Fillmore East were locked and the police told to stay away. According to Morea, the Motherfuckers had asked to use the hall that night "not as a free night, but to discuss the use and non-use of dope in connection with the whole problem." The request was refused. Morea: "Kip Cohen, who was somewhat sympathetic, called Graham in California. Graham said, 'I don't owe these people anything.'"

● THE MC5 CONCERT.

Thursday, December 26. All hell broke loose. Elektra had rented the hall to present the MC5 and had given 2300 tickets to local radio stations to give away free to their listeners. There were a few hundred tickets that remained in the hands of the Fillmore East management. The community wanted them and threatened (in a telephone call to Elektra's Bill Harvey) to burn the hall to the ground if they didn't get them.

Morea: "We, as a group, didn't threaten to burn the theater down. *Somebody* might have. We didn't make any threats. We told Graham that we were going to have the theater again, that we would, if necessary, take it."

"We had an understanding with both Elektra and with the MC5 that we would get at least 500 tickets for the community. Elektra gave the tickets to Graham."

Cohen: "Fearing trouble, we didn't want to give the tickets away. We were running the immense risk at that time of really being wiped out by the law. We knew of some threats. At the last minute, we decided that it would be safer to give out the tickets and get all of that energy — both creative and hostile — inside of the theater rather than at the doors trying to get in."

Jac Holzman, president of Elektra Records: "I had been advised by Bill Graham three or four days prior to the concert that the cops had closed them down and that he thought there would be trouble on our free night. Graham asked me to consider cancelling the concert. I told him that, because of the radio stations, I couldn't. I felt that the concert should go on and that we should just take our chances with it."

"I said that I would speak to the MC5 and explain the problem to them and that some of the MC5 militancy just might be quieted down a bit. Actually,

Tim Hardin's Mom
Blows Her Mind

Tim Hardin's first Columbia album, *Suite for Susan Moore and Damion—We Are One, One, All in One*, scheduled for release in mid-February, will consist of ten songs for his wife, Susan, and their two year old child Damion.

According to those who have heard the new material, the songs are optimistic and happy. Hardin's mother, Mrs. Mollie Hardin, commented: "The album is about three years ahead of its time. My mind was completely blown."

Most of the recording for *Suite* was done in Hardin's Woodstock, New York home.

I Was Trying
To Describe You
To Someone

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

I was trying to describe you to someone a few days ago. You don't look like any girl I've ever seen before.

I couldn't say: "Well, she looks just like Jane Fonda except that she's got red hair and her mouth is different and of course she's not a movie star."

I couldn't say that because you don't look like Jane Fonda at all.

I finally ended up describing you as a movie I saw when I was a child in Tacoma, Washington. I guess I saw it in 1941 or '42: somewhere in there. I think I was seven or eight or six. It was a movie about rural electrification and a perfect 1930s New Deal morality kind of movie to show kids.

The movie was about farmers living in the country without electricity. They had to use lanterns to see by at night, for sewing and reading, and they didn't have any appliances, like toasters or washing machines, and they couldn't listen to the radio.

Then they built a dam with big electric generators and they put poles across the countryside and strung wire over fields and pastures.

There was an incredible heroic dimension that came from the simple putting up of poles for the wires to travel along. They looked ancient and modern at the same time.

Then the movie showed Electricity like a young Greek god coming to the



farmer to take away forever the dark ways of his life.

Suddenly, religiously, with the throwing of a switch the farmer had electric lights to see by when he milked his cows in the early black winter mornings.

The farmer's family got to listen to the radio and have a toaster and lots of bright lights to sew dresses and read the newspaper by.

It was really a fantastic movie and excited me like listening to the "Star-Spangled Banner" or seeing photographs of President Roosevelt or hearing him on the radio.

"... The President of the United States ..."

I wanted electricity to go everywhere in the world. I wanted all the farmers in the world to be able to listen to President Roosevelt on the radio.

That's how you look to me.

the MC5 had met the Motherfuckers, had played the Fillmore East the previous Wednesday during the free night, and had been rather dragged by people jumping up on the stage and kind of interfering with their act.

"The MC5 said, 'We're just going to go out there and we're just going to play music. We're going to make very few speeches, we're just going to play rock 'n' roll.' Which is what they did."

David Peel and the Lower East Side opened the program, but the real show was the pressure and tension inside the hall. Although most of the seats were filled, the crowd outside the theater wanted in — and the people inside supported them with cries of "Open the doors! Open the doors!"

Morea: "The Fillmore had agreed to let us fill the empty seats — and there were hundreds of them. We understood that they didn't want more than capacity. The concert started, and there were still fifty to a hundred people outside who hadn't gotten in. Then, there was an attempt from the inside to open the doors."

Cohen: "We insisted on order and kept the doors closed. The crowd was very angry. It wasn't an ego trip or a contest of wills, it was a demand for order on our premises because of our risks. Bill Graham was guarding the front door and, in the process, was hit across the face with a chain, his face bloodied and his nose broken."

"A strange thing happened. The minute that they saw the blood on Bill's face, there was a strong reaction from the crowd, and these hundreds of people who had been swarming on top of him, backed away. A lot of people were very disgusted, and it seemed to be a turning point in the whole thing."

Morea: "Graham knows, more or less, all of us. I'm sure he could tell you that it was not one of us who struck him."

The evening went on, and the concert ended. Most people left. However, about four hundred to five hundred people stayed and according to Cohen, "swarmed on the stage and started their big jumping, screaming, freaking kind of thing. As you looked up at the stage, you wondered if this was the total creative effort that the East Village community could come up with: Bowery bums and young ten- and eleven-year-old kids with sticks bounding around the stage."

"They were banging on the MC5's equipment and broke a drumhead. The MC5 split in a limousine rented by Elektra to Max's Kansas City for dinner, a not-too-unusual move for a rock group under any circumstances. It was not received too well. A Motherfucker at the

mike made a public announcement about what the group was doing, a crowd swarmed outside, pulled them out of their car, messed them up a bit, threw their records at them, came back in, and announced to the crowd that they had been betrayed by 'phonies.'

"That seemed to be the end of the MC5 with this particular audience of four hundred people. It was ironic and somewhat strangely amusing."

Did Morea feel that the MC5 had betrayed the community? "Oh, yeah, absolutely. They projected themselves as a 'revolutionary' rock group. They knew that there was something going on that was much deeper than politics, that had to do with exactly what they talk about: cultural revolution. They knew that they could play a certain role. Nobody asked them to seize the theater, but there was no question that they could have done something. In fact, they did the opposite. They stood up there and said, 'We're here to play music and we don't give a damn about politics.'

"Then, they ran out, symbolically getting into a limousine going to a restaurant which nobody in our community has ever been in. The whole image of that was rather obnoxious."

The evening droned on. Graham made an agreement to go to the police to see if anything could be done about another free night for the community.

Cohen: "After the agreement was made, someone was hit over the head with a microphone and hospitalized, a young Puerto Rican boy was stabbed, and one of our ushers had his arm fractured with a metal pipe. In addition to that, one thousand dollars worth of equipment was damaged or stolen and the asbestos stage curtain slashed by knives."

Did the Motherfuckers feel in any way responsible for the injuries and the damage? Not for a moment! Morea: "Well, nobody could take responsibility except Graham. Because Graham, as far as everybody is concerned, caused it all by taking away the free nights and thus creating the tension. In fact, we have a letter from Graham which states that we are not responsible for the damage. He knows that it was the result of a misunderstanding."

"We are all sorry that certain things happened. I'm not particularly sorry about Graham's theater—because I don't care too much about his theater—but I do care about people being assaulted."

Graham, using the words "filthy, low-life scum," did later place the blame for the damage on the Motherfuckers and on a motorcycle gang called the Pagans whom he claims were "brought in to 'liberate' the Fillmore."

● THE AFTERMATH.

The next day, Graham felt that he could no longer support the community even to the extent of going down to the police station as he had said he would. Cohen: "We've been raped publicly six times by now, and it's a question of how many times you can take it. That Friday, a lot of people from the community began to see that maybe we weren't such bad guys after all."

Morea's only comment on the "rape" statement was: "Well, that might have something to do with his own psychological thing."

On the evening of December 27, WBAI presented a forum on the Fillmore East-Motherfucker problem. As a result of this broadcast, Graham's insurance company threatened to terminate the hall's fire and liability coverage completely. The Motherfuckers were informed. According to Cohen, their reaction was: "Fuck insurance. Fuck the insurance man. We don't care."

● THE CHOICE.

Cohen: "On Saturday, December 28, the important thing happened. Bill said to the community: 'Look, when are you going to face up to the fact that you've blown it here? You can't have the Fillmore. You have made that impossible.' Their answer was: 'You made it this way. You resisted us. You caused the trouble.'

"Then, Bill said: 'Look, I'm not trying to buy you off, but you find another place, you find a constructive, realistic program that works within the framework of the law — even if it is inherently an attempt to change that law — and I will support it. I'll support it administratively, I'll support it technically, I'll see that you get talent over there, and I'll support it financially.'

"And he laid it out — very, very detailed. Some of them said, 'Yes, this makes sense. Let's do it.' Some of the Motherfuckers said, 'No, we want the Fillmore.' Bill described figures of several thousand dollars a month."

The community is still meeting and mulling to come up with an answer to the proposal. According to Morea, "We can either find another insurance company — which Graham can pay for — and continue to have the free nights at the Fillmore, or we can take his money to pay the rent on an alternate spot. We're discussing both possibilities now. The majority feel they want the money to have their own place, but some people feel that we should have the Fillmore because it's part of our culture — and we want access to it for that reason."

"If no insurance company will cover the Fillmore, we can understand that. It's obvious that you can't force somebody to do something they can't do. That's why there has been no pressure on Graham or the hall in the past few weeks."

● JANUARY.

For the moment, everyone is playing the waiting game. All is quiet on the Eastern Front. Ironically, throughout all of the turmoil, the most eloquent defenses of the other side's point of view came from the adversaries themselves.

Said Cohen of the Motherfuckers and the community: "A lot of these people were in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. If some of them say, 'This is what I think about a cop,' a lot of them have a very good reason to make that statement."

Answered Morea, not one to be outdone at anything: "I don't feel that the Fillmore ever distorted the facts."

Peace.

2 New Yorkers

Paul Nelson, formerly the editor of Little Sandy Review, Sing Out, and other musical publications, has been appointed as the editorial representative of ROLLING STONE in New York City. Mr. Nelson is the first person to represent Rolling Stone in a full-time capacity in New York, and he is the only person employed by Rolling Stone to conduct editorial business in New York. So don't let anyone else fool you. Beware of imitations, Mr. Nelson is the man.

The same goes for Trish Benjes, who is the new advertising manager lady. Miss Benjes, formerly administrative assistant to the vice president in charge of creative planning for Columbia Records in New York, will be headquartered in our San Francisco offices. Accept no substitutes.

The GROUPIES

and Other Girls

Text: John Burks, Jerry Hopkins, Paul Nelson

Photography: Baron Wolman

She got her man. He was the cat they *all* were after and *she* got him! In the groupie's place in the culture of rock and roll that makes her *something*. She was already something: She had already balled 17 (or 36 or 117) musicians—four (or 12 or 25) of them real stars, names *everybody* in the U.S. and England would know—but now her status was elevated again. She had scored with this cat the first night he was in town. She *might* get him for the whole weekend. He *seemed* to dig her, you know; you can't always tell, but he did seem to. *Wow!*

A groupie is a chick who hangs out with bands and becoming a good one is not entirely a simple matter. Says Henri a now pregnant old-timer *Yenta* of the San Francisco groupie circuit, "Being a groupie is a full time gig. Sort of like being a musician. You have two or three girl friends you hang out with and you stay as high and as intellectually enlightened as a group of musicians. You've got to, if you're going to have anything to offer. Musicians should pay more

attention to the good thing they've got going for them—groupies, I mean. After all, a groupie is a non-profit call girl. Like a Japanese Geisha in many ways, and a friend and a housekeeper and pretty much whatever the musician needs."

"There are two kinds of groupies," notes veteran trouper, guitarist Jimmy Page, "those who are like friends, like San Francisco girls; and those Los Angeles and New York girls who are making a religion of how many pop stars they can fuck. Groupies are a better ball, by and large, you know: they've had more experience and they're willing to try more things. The sex angle is important. But no more important than girls who are also good friends and make you feel like family."

Says Anna: "A girl is a *groupie* only if she has numerous relationships, like where they'd overlap within one group, which so often happens where a groupie will hit maybe three people, sleep with three people all in one night from the same group. From equipment man to who's ever the most important.

With the younger ones, that's really like a desperate attempt at getting something out of the group, instead of relying on her judgment for the one guy she did dig."

Q: Does the name "groupie" bother you?

Anna: Oh, probably, because you see what most other groupies are into and you just don't want to be associated with it. I mean, it's just so basic with most chicks. They just know that person is on stage, they don't know his name—or maybe they've read it—and they haven't even taken the time to figure out if his guitar is a bass or lead. Well, like I'm lucky enough to know. Usually, unless I'm really wiped out, I can tell what's happening up there. That's why I don't like the term groupie. It covers a very wide range of woman.

"Really being a groupie," says one chick who is a groupie by the way she lives, if not by her own description, "is like borrowing a series of lives from people and thinking you can be them. It's not something you can do. That's why groupie chicks are so miserable. It's a constant frustration, the groupie scene. Even when you're balling some cat, you're not balling him, and he's not balling you, it's really just two people on different planes with different needs and different fantasies."

Q: What's the appeal for a chick in groupie-ing?

Sally: In plastic terms—in sensual terms—where can you get more sensations? You get to ball, smoke dope, dress weird, be groovy, be around nothing but groovy people—all at once.

*A fine little girl
She waits for me
She's as plastic as she can be
She paints her face
with plastic goo
And wrecks her hair with shampoo
Plastic people
Oh baby now—
You're such a drag*

—FRANK ZAPPA, "Plastic People"

Star-fuckers are lowest on the totem pole of groupie-dom, badly regarded by the other girls and musicians alike. Their designation says it all: they ball with the super stars of the pop world only so they can then say they balled Mr. H., Mr. D., Messrs. L., McC., H. and S., Mr. D., Br. B., Messrs. J., J., W., R. and W., Mr. M., Mr. B., and Mr. R. and Mr. M. for good measure. (No one claims to have made it with Mr. T. T.) It's like notches in the star-fucker's belt, like saving bubble gum trading cards. Groupies are such incredible name-droppers. It's impossible to be sure how much is truth and how much is fantasy. You've got to be careful talking with a lot of groupies. The way they tell it, it always went their way—in their favor.

For star-fuckers, it's a competitive thing that has very little to do with getting to know the musician; it's the same instinct that motivates butterfly collectors: "Okay, I got one of those, now I want one of these." Recounted by Henri: "Groupies tend to hang together, whereas star-fuckers are usually social loners. A bunch of groupies will form a clique and discourage star-fuckers from being in the vicinity of the dressing rooms and hotel rooms as best they can. Star-fuckers have worlds of patience and will wait for hours to fuck their heroes."

Star-fuckers are balling names, not people, and this basically inhuman quest is not lost upon the musicians, who tend, naturally enough, to think of themselves as people first and Symbols second, especially in bed. Star-fucking is the essential part of the Los Angeles scene, integral to New York, tangential with exceptions, to San Francisco.

Lacy: In Los Angeles they just hang around. They only want to be seen with a guy. They're young girls and they don't know what they want. They'll hang out with a band where the guys are really gross, but, you know, he's a star, so later you can go back to your friends and rap.

"Sure, some chicks are just star-fuckers," says Country Joe McDonald, "But it doesn't matter what their motivation is, you know. There's these times when they come around after somethin' and you're after somethin' too, so you get it together and everybody's happy. Groupies are beautiful. They come to hear you play, they throw flowers and underpants, they give you kisses and love, they come to bed with you. They're beautiful. We love groupies."

Anna: I'm very aggressive. I don't think anything of waiting for them to come out on stage and grabbing their arms or copping a feel and telling them what I want. Why shouldn't you? Why play those little games? Like, if they dig you and dig what you're into, they'll say, groovy, come on. And backstage you go and turn on with them and . . .

*Your friends they are making
A pop star or two—every evening
You know that scene backwards
They just can't see the patterns
They're weaving . . .*

*And you sit in your one room
A little brought down in London
Coffee on, milk gone
Such a sad light and fading*

*Yourself you touch; but not too much
You hear it's degrading . . .*

*You are lonely—
Well you are but a young girl
Working your way through the phonies
—DONOVAN, "Young Girl Blues"*

Groupies may tend to think of themselves as unselfish vehicles of love, but those who've studied the groupie ethos see them otherwise. "They treat sex the same way an accountant treats his new Buick," says Los Angeles Free Clinic psychologist Gerald Rochman—"as a status symbol." The whole thing can be seen in a homosexual perspective, to the extent the chick is balling rock stars simply to be able to brag to her girlfriends.

In some cases, this may be coupled with negative feelings toward both the musician and his success. "They may," says Rochman, "feel anger or envy, and by sleeping with these fellows they're showing the gods have clay feet."

Groupie slang (which derives from rock talk!) might seem to bear this out by its violent undertone. When a groupie talks about sleeping with somebody, she will often say she *hit* him—a term which derives from gangster talk. When the Mafia *hits* a cat, he's dead.

Even among friends, like Jorma Kaukonen of Jefferson Airplane and Sally Mann, who hangs out with the band, an air of (mock) brutality comes naturally. Jorma stood at the head of the stairs at Airplane House speaking with some people and Sally, at the foot, was giving him some hassle about something. "You better watch it little girl," he said, flicking open a switchblade, "or I'll carve my initials in your backside." "Then I'd always know who did it," she laughed. "Then everybody would know," Jorma replied.

"Within a certain subculture in San Francisco," says Dr. David Smith, head of the Haight Ashbury Medical Clinic, "rock is the basic art form. The musicians are the high priests of the community. Janis Joplin is the high priestess. The structure of the community is mediated through the art form and all activities revolve around the bands. Now, sex is no big deal within the community," the psycho-pharmacologist stresses, "it's just part of the whole sharing process. They share food, houses, drugs, money, sex. If it were a sex cult thing, the rest of it wouldn't exist—the whole structure of the community."

"It's the same as straight culture, in a way, where the bankers are attractive to young girls. They've got the money and the power. In this community, rock musicians occupy that role."

Anna: Groupies are mainly concerned with themselves and the images they're giving off to their friends . . . When it started, it was like an ego thing, where if I could really get into a group that came to town, I thought my friends would really think I was really groovy and far-out for someone like that to notice me. It was a challenge—of course, it was a challenge. But that wears off. That's one of the first things that wears off.

Being a groupie is not nothing but laughs; it is, in some ways at least, a Life of Pain.

One San Francisco groupie (she didn't want her name used, so call her Victoria) serves as a good example of one thing that can happen when you go around balling a different cat every week-end, three or four times. You wind up—she wound up—pregnant and, nine months later found herself enduring the pain of the maternity ward. Her baby boy is now two.

"God, I was in love with that cat," says Victoria of the father. "In fact, I still am. His whole life revolves around music. He's got no time for a kid. I haven't put any demands on him. I was 15 when David was born and I wanted to keep him. But never again would I keep a child. Never again have a child out of wedlock. Oh, you don't know how hard it is when you've got a kid and you've got to earn a living and you're 15. I've done it all myself. You find your family isn't too sympathetic when they learn the details. I feel sorry for any other chick who gets herself into this kind of a scene." Victoria frowned a little, shut her huge blue eyes and added, more softly, "It's awful but I'll put on a certain record and one of those songs comes on—and I just break into tears and cry like a baby."

The way she says this, Victoria is clearly feeling sorry for herself, but she says it without expression or inflection—as if she's lived it too long to get excited about it; but she does want other chicks to know. "First I get mad and say, *That motherfucker*, and then I bawl and bawl."

"I was 14 when I first started balling guys. Jumped in with both feet. I didn't know what I was doing. Somebody gave me some birth control pills and I would just take one or two before I was going to ball." The result of it, Victoria feels, is that she never had a teen-age. "I never went to a football game or a prom. Not once. There's a whole life that I missed."

*I can see that you're fifteen years old
I don't want your I.D.
I can see that you're
So far from home—but
That's no hangin' matter
It's no capital crime
Oh yeah, you're a stray, stray cat
Come to scratch my back
You're a stray, stray cat
Betcha mama don't know you can scream like that
I betcha mama don't know you can spread like
that . . .
I bet yer mama dunno ya can scratch like that
I bet yer mama don't know you can bite like that
Say you got a friend and she's wilder than you?
Why dontcha bring her upstairs
If she's so wild that she can join in too
It's no hangin' matter . . .*

—MICK JAGGER/KEITH RICHARDS,
"Stray Cat Blues"

Groupies are hardly a new phenomenon. And they are not new to the rock and roll scene either, as any dozen stories about the Beatles you care to believe will easily show, let alone the stories of Elvis Presley and, say, Natalie Wood. But as the scene changes, so do the girls. Two years ago in San Francisco, the girls who hung out backstage and traveled *en caravan* with the Grateful Dead were not only young, they were also very hip, very attractive and very womanly. They aren't groupies anymore, today they're somebody's old lady.

Today's girls stand at the edge, not quite young teenagers in from the city and not quite hippie chicks either. The winds will take them away, too, but right here and now they are the debutantes of the dressing rooms, clustered in pairs every weekend as life unfolds for them. And who knows where the time goes?



There is little agreement as to who is and who is not a groupie. There are even male groupies—by no means as numerous as female groupies, but still a factor on the scene. They travel with the bands because they dig the music and they dig the musicians and want to be part of the scene. Some spend considerable amounts of money on the musicians, whom they regard as friends.

Though the musicians usually put up with male groupies, they generally regard them as fools. (Male groupies often succeed in palming themselves off as part of the band's entourage—one claims to be Jim Morrison's brother—thereby scoring with groupies from city to city. So clearly there's sometimes something besides companionship in it for them.)

The problem with male groupies is that like the girls they want to be a part of what's happening, but un-

One of the Yardbirds took her to England with him. Lacy lived there two months, and then left on her own for Paris. "I wanted to go skipping off into new things," she explains.

She is tall, though not as tall as she seems—she is very slender, very lean—but tall, 5-feet-9, and her eyes are so clear blue, her hair so entirely blonde, her skin so completely fair, and her face so absolutely innocent that she gives the impression of having just stepped out of a Prince Valiant comic strip. Long, long, medieval white gowns heighten the effect.

Lacy speaks softly, vaguely, and, though she does not use many words, circuitously. You never feel entirely confident you know at any moment what is on her mind.

For cats, the sexual attraction of rock and roll is low. But for chicks, sexual attraction is what it's all about. Most groupies don't even know anything about music. It's a straight sex thing.

"When you're 17 or 18, it's 'Can I score on this guy?' But I've been through all that whole thing. I don't even hang around musicians any more. For the last four or five months since I've been with my new old man I haven't done that. I'm 21 years old now and I started three years ago and I've just been through that movie so many times."

The new movie for Lacy is living on a Mill Valley hillside, 10 miles north of San Francisco, with one man, in a beautiful house full of old things and candles and natural woods, sipping tea, eating imported cookies and watching "A Day In Court" on afternoon TV. A lot of time passes that way.

"I was on this thing where I was only interested in outrageous people. Musicians were the only cats who were groovy enough." Now she'll occasionally go to the smaller clubs like the Matrix or New Orleans House—seldom to the ballrooms—if there's a band she really wants to hear. And she'll see younger groupies. "You see these other little chickies all doing that. You see yourself in them. Oh and it's, you know, embarrassing."

What attracted her to musicians in the first place was appearance and how a musician did his act. Who put out the most energy on stage. Even before that she used to hang around the Seattle coffee house scene, while she was growing up, and got to know a lot of the cats who later started bands there.

"Musicians," says Lacy, trying to explain it a little better, "they're just exciting to me. Because I love music. All kinds of music. Actors seem too phony. They're always acting. Well—musicians are quite egoed out too but it's a different thing. Musicians have so much soul—they're really down-home cats."

She still digs music as much as before, but the San Francisco bands don't hold as much enchantment for her. "There just aren't that many good bands now. I sort of feel that once you've seen them, you've seen them. I'm listening to more blues—Negro blues—and other music I like. Classical music, Indian, jugband, jazz."

"I've just grown older. My values have changed a lot in terms of things I look for in life. And in people. Not that I'm back to my parents' values, no. They wanted all the straight thing for me, to graduate from college and marry and know the right people. That scene."

It got to be too much for Lacy when she was about 16, and she began rebelling heavily, hanging out at coffee houses, smoking dope, running away from home and the rest of it. "All the things kids do to bug their parents. It freaked them out. They could never understand my getting involved with musicians. They thought they were longhaired subversives. They always called them that." Then came the San Francisco trip. "Everybody was dropping a lotta acid. It made it seem more dynamic than it really was." She was into an exciting thing for a Seattle girl—living with a procession of rock stars, hanging out with the original Family Dog people, settling in with the Steve Miller Band for a time, pairing off various ways.

"I had some pretty profound drug experiences and living in communes in the Haight and all that. But all that stuff—morphine, smack, cocaine—heavy at least once a week—it left me pretty burnt out. Something was missing. Balling a lot of people but never getting into them."

There was a time when she felt otherwise (after all, as she points out: "There's good and bad lays, and that's part of the attraction, you know. You see a cat on stage and you wonder what he'd be like"), but Lacy just got tired of it. "It's so phony, so plastic, man. Going home with one cat after a gig, I found it really depressing after a while. It's at such a low level. It's not knowing anybody. It spoils any chance of making something deeper."

like the girls they have nothing immediate or obvious to offer. Thus, you can pretty much rate a male groupie by what it is that he uses as a vaginal substitute.

The most obvious ploy is merely helpfulness, such as chauffeuring services, getting records at record stores or helping with clothes at clothes stores. It's the old bat boy routine, maybe one day they'll get to carry one all the way to home plate.

Undoubtedly homosexuality is a part of the picture, and there are the usual tales and "true stories" about this one and that one, and even, you know . . . but if homosexuality is a significant factor, it is one of the least publicized. Then again, look around you at the next concert you attend at Fillmore West or East, sometimes fully 90% of the audience is male, and they aren't screaming either.

One classic type (there are many classic types) is Owsley Stanley III, the middle-aged manufacturer of the early supplies of LSD. True Owsley Tales are too numerous and too ephemeral to repeat, but the well-known facts are that he has kept whole groups, like the Grateful Dead, for months at a time. The Dead's appetite for girls is the equal of their appetite for dope.

For Owsley, it is not how many stars he's fucked, but how many he has turned on. He'll spend days trying to locate someone, using drugs as his entree. When George Harrison spent a week in Los Angeles two summers ago, Owsley was on the phone with everyone in town who might give him the phone number up there on Blue Jay Way. And Owsley did get there too, but unfortunately that was during the Maharishi scare, and LSD was not quite George's ticket at that point.

Ashley Kozak, then Donovan's manager, remembers that Owsley was trying to reach Donovan who was doing concerts in town, and called him at his room in the Fairmont Hotel. "Hello, Mr. Kozak," Owsley is reported to have said, "My name is Owsley." That didn't ring any bells, so Owsley went on to describe himself to Mr. Kozak in these words: "I'm the LSD Millionaire."

Unfortunately, that was after Donovan had been busted, and dope wasn't exactly his cup of tea either. Nonetheless, Owsley is the most successful male groupie as he has the next best thing to sex, and the truth is that Owsley knows just about everybody. In fact, Owsley may not be a groupie in the strictest sense; his quest after pop stars may be a part of his LSD crusade. On the other hand, the girls of rock rate Owsley as very stiff competition, and that says a bushel and a peck.

Sunset Strip's Rodney Bingenheimer (the semi-legendary "Mayor of Sunset Strip") is another category unto himself. It was Rodney in his 5-foot-2 majesty who leaped out onstage at the Shrine Christmas show, tugged off his Santa beard, and proclaimed: "I'll let you ball Ringo Starr—but you have to ball me first." Rodney, 22, is a groupie at least in the sense that he hangs out with every group that hits town, then tells everybody about hanging out with the group. Listen to the people that he says have been to his pint-sized apartment behind the Hullabaloo: George Harrison, the Beach Boys, Mickey Dolenz, the Five Americans, Three Dog Night, Chet Helms and Stone Pony Linda Ronstadt—well, yeah, there's only a couple of the real biggies (biggies is the Sunset Strip word Rodney and his pals favor). But that's not all there is to Rodney, dig. He used to be a stand-in for Davy Jones of the Monkees, and he still gets an allowance from Sonny Bono.

His proximity to the scene is such—and his esteem high enough—that Rodney pulls his share of groupies (groupie chicks, that is) and worries enough about the consequences that he goes to the health clinic on San Vicente regularly to be certain he hasn't picked up a dose. "There's clap," says Rodney Bingenheimer, "because the groupies catch it from the guys who stand out on the street selling downers. They don't have any money for downers so they ball the guys. And then they give it to the musicians."

Rodney and Owsley are reasonably benign figures, but some of the male hangers-on are both weird and menacing. As tender of the Jefferson Airplane's door, it falls upon Sally Mann to chase away people the band doesn't want to see. She sees every manner of groupie, including the male variety.

"A lot of weird dudes come here and say, like, hello, we'd like to come in and play guitar and get high. And how do I know who they are? You should be nice but tell them, look, this is somebody's home and they need privacy. But it's weird. Some of them look like Mafia. And there's one cat comes running through the whole place uncontrollably. It's kind of frightening."

There are other male groupies of course, some of them even musicians. Like so many other people in this tale, they are groupies only in a limited sense; the pejorative sense of the word "groupie" applies only lightly; primarily, they are social butterflies.

"We're all groupies sometimes," says Steve Miller. "When Eric Clayton was in town, I went to see him but I was so awed I was just like a groupie. I just stood around and couldn't say anything. He seemed so, uh, important."

The "pop people" are numerous and where someone with a legitimate function becomes a groupie is a loose assessment at best. A person like Los Angeleno Alan Pariser can be seen as either. He backed the original parties to the Monterey Pop Festival with several thousand dollars and earned a role there as producer; he also produced some noteworthy benefits for the Sunset Strip rioters. Headquartered in the Hollywood hills, he dabbles in many projects, yet takes his strength and ethic from the pop world. He is a friend of Eric Clap-

ton's and George Harrison's and John Phillips' and who is really to say?

Pogo, as he calls himself, is a New York boy of 17 who has patterned his whole life-style after Jim Morrison and obviously has spent much time practicing his poses in front of a mirror. His outfit is black leather, his hair pure Morrison. He once flew to Los Angeles to catch the Doors at the Hollywood Bowl, crashed the afternoon practice session, said four words to Morrison ("Hello, how are you?"), got back one ("Fine"), talked a while to Morrison's girl, and got thrown out. He saw the concert from a hilltop a half-mile away, got busted by the police, and sent back to New York via a free ticket because he was a juvenile. While in jail, he refused to cut his hair. All in all, he considered the trip an outstanding success.

Pogo is a high school dropout, a bright kid who once tried to wade through T. S. Eliot to teach himself something about poetry because he couldn't understand Bob Dylan's lyrics. Unable to make it with either Elliot or Dylan, he settled on Morrison. Mick Jagger is another favorite. The only girl he seems interested in is Janis Joplin. He once attended a party that she was at, held her hand for a while, soul-kissed her twice, and was ecstatic about it for weeks.

He lives from place to place in the East Village, prides himself on never having any money or paying for anything ("crashing a concert is the only way"), and has ambitions of starting a group, writing songs, etc. His destructive life-style is set up so that if he doesn't become the superstar he hopes to be, there's nothing left but oblivion.

Pogo tells this story, among many:

"Big Brother and the Holding Company were playing at the Fillmore East. I had all intentions of seeing all of the shows. They were all sold out before the doors opened, so I couldn't buy a ticket. I had no intention of buying one anyway, even if I had the money. Part of the whole build-up is trying to sneak in. We found a side door open and made it in that way. We were good and stoned by the time it all began.

"Janis walked out, and everyone went wild. Her hair was so beautiful as it was thrown all over. She looked about 19. She dances around so beautifully that you can't stop from getting up and dancing yourself. I felt as though she were singing to me personally. She got me so sexually aroused—the way Mick Jagger and Jim Morrison do, but without the guilt.

"It wasn't the shame that held me back—it was the cops. She did 'Ball and Chain,' and it made me feel sad and happy at the same time—you know, that deep, beautiful feeling that you just can't explain in words. After the first show, we waited outside to see Janis when she came out. I didn't know what to say, so I just looked.

"But my friend couldn't resist. He gave her a kiss and kept repeating, 'I love you . . . you're beautiful,' and Janis smiled and gave him a kiss back. After the second show, we decided to sneak backstage. They were having a big champagne party, and Janis was there. I had to speak to her. My friend and I got drunk on the champagne and played with the little five- and six-year-old people in the pile of confetti.

"I'm basically shy and don't talk much, so I didn't talk much. I just played friendly mind games with her. After the party, at about seven in the morning, Janis was leaving, and my friend and I decided to leave with her. We met her outside and said goodbye. She just stood there and smiled. So my friend gave her a kiss, and I asked if I could, too. She nodded. And so I did, very self-consciously, thinking, 'Should I use my tongue or not?'

Later, we talked about it for about three hours—about how nice the kiss was and that I got to kiss her with my tongue. We couldn't sleep so we stayed up all the next day and waited for the show that night. We snuck in again, but I got kicked out. I started begging money on the streets so that I could buy a ticket for the final show. I got just enough money, but they wouldn't sell me a ticket. So I said, 'Fuck you,' and walked in anyway. They called me back, but I ducked into the crowd.

"We're about ready to go to Frisco. We wrote all over the walls, 'Janis Is Sex,' 'Janis Is Love,' 'Janis Is Big Brother.' We stole the picture that was on the front of the Fillmore and put it on our wall."

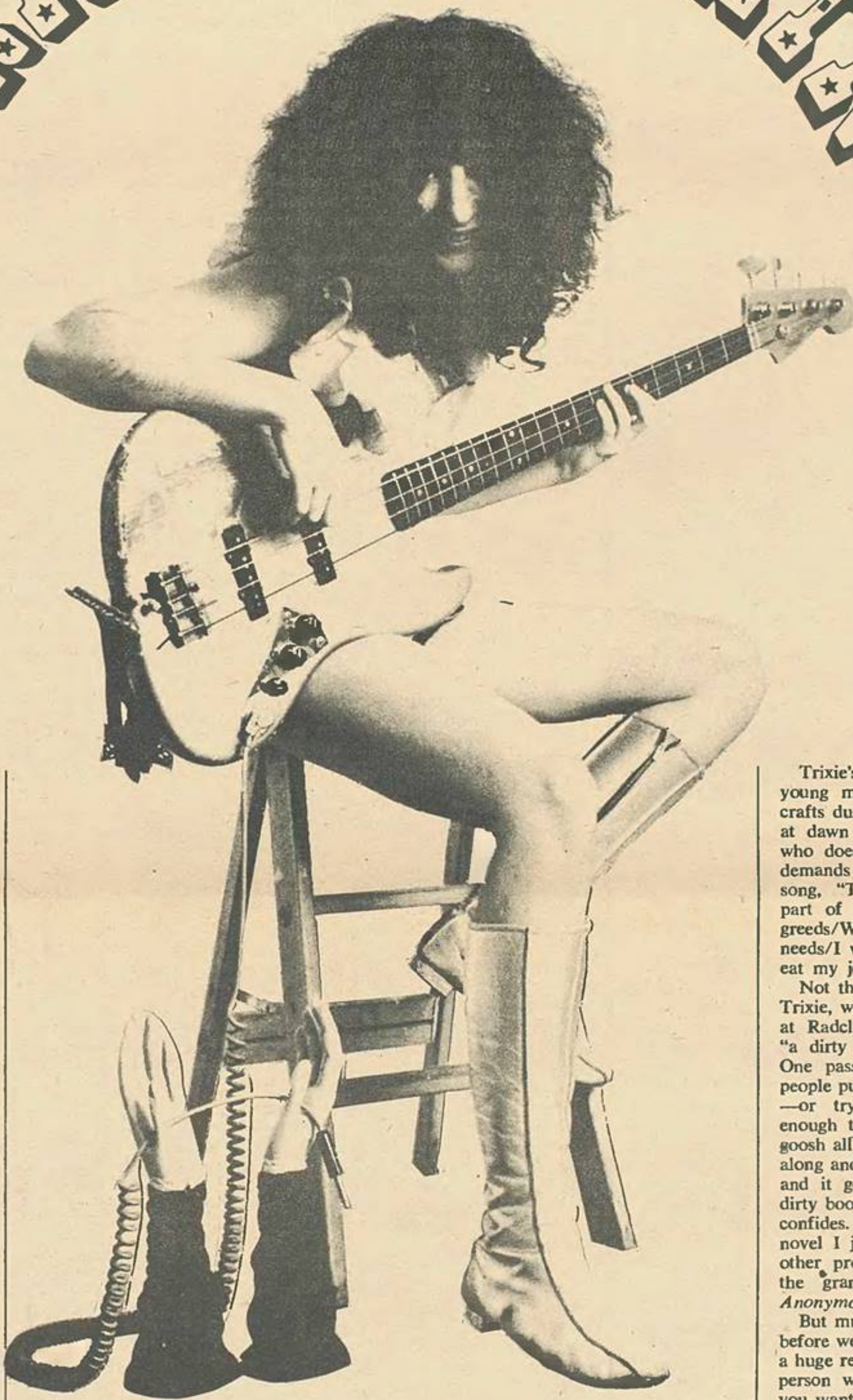
It doesn't hurt to have a job that puts you in ballrooms and clubs primarily. One girl reporter for a Detroit underground paper has it worked out pretty neatly. "I thought—I really thought—we were going to her place to do an interview," says Canned Heat's Bob Hite. "But first she seduced me, then she interviewed me." The significance of this is that rock bands need all the publicity the media can give them (especially, in a peculiar way, the underground press) and therefore this chick is in position to work something like blackmail as she adds names to her list of achievements.

Hip tailor ladies (like L.A.'s Genie the Tailor and S.F.'s Anna) who make on-stage attire for bands also have an inside track. Genie the Tailor parlayed a commission to do a shirt for Jack Bruce into a trip to San Francisco with Cream, and then wrote about her adventure in one of the fan magazines—leaving out all the best parts, unless it was a terribly dull trip.

As Genie tells it, the highpoint came when a bell-boy at the hotel in San Francisco handed her a birthday cupcake with a single tiny candle in it, and a note, reading: "To a tailor on her birthday from a blue

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TRIXIE MERKIN



Some of the girls are not groupies any way at all, but musicians, members of groups themselves. One of these is Trixie, who took her name (she was born with another) from a song called "The History of Trixie Merkin," which she wrote herself, as performed by her band, Anonymous Artists of America. It goes like this:

*Merv Merkin made his fortune in hair
He made 'em shave
Till they were bare.
Kept his nose clean with his finger.
Kept his finger out of his pants.
But he felt the tingler of fear
Had this Merkin muffed a chance?
Merv Merkin, last tycoon
Caught his daughter looking at the moon
His reputation's ruined.*

Trixie is one far-out chick by just about any definition. It would be fair to call her a "fixture" of the San Francisco scene. She's seen in the parks on sunny Sundays and at apartment parties on Victorian evenings. Her dress is always exotic, having taken the day-glo and feather boa thing several steps further. Like the blouse on which she has painted hands over the breast pockets, or something like one of her many topless outfits—one a skirt with thin straps over her shoulders and plastic ears four inches wide attached to the straps just covering her breasts.

The first thing that happens upon arriving at Anonymous Artists' nine-room house (collages, posters, photos, letters pasted everywhere on the walls) 35 miles north of San Francisco at Novato, is that you receive from Trixie a calling card with the likeness of that genial cosmic captain, Meher Baba, with the inscription, "Don't worry, be happy. I am the Divine Beloved who loves you more than you can ever love yourself. I and God are One." Conversation picks up where that leaves off, and Trixie jumps up half a dozen times to pick up her bass and play a song for you. Like her " Tits and Ass Memorial Rhythm and Blues Band Song."

*I like my music with tits
I like it served up with ass—
Some nipple while you tittle
Gives a joint class
Showing as much as the law will allow
Always brings sweat to my brow*

*You've heard of tit power
I don't mean the boob tube
I was hit hard by a topless flower*

*Dancing on the piano
Every hour on the hour*

The feeling you get is that this is the way Trixie communicates best. She is a rock and roll musician first, not a great musician, but a good one, an interesting bass guitarist, an interesting composer (she writes nearly all AAA's material)—a musician first. Where the majority of the girls of rock were moved to ball rock and roll groups—to become groupies—Trixie heard the music and was moved to play it.

Five years ago she was part of the Stanford University community of artists and psychedelic existentialists who clustered around Ken Kesey and Dick Alpert. It was Kesey who pointed the people in Trixie's scene at rock and roll. It was Leary who gave them acid, gave AAA its incredible \$15,000 "generator," a synthesizer-like instrument, except capable of producing a richer and more varied set of sounds.

"We were all at Stanford and we decided to put the band together," says Trixie, who is somewhat cross-eyed, in need of contact lenses (she broke her last pair and hasn't gotten a new set yet).

The first thing was to learn how to play their instruments, and that amounted to a total learning experience for Trixie, who "just used to sort of listen to the whole thing—I didn't even know bass was a separate instrument." Now she's developed into a bassist capable of laying down some interesting lines. It's a little hard to tell exactly how good she has become since AAA doesn't solicit gigs these days ("too much bullshit") and play infrequently.

Around the house (actually she lives out in back in a separate two-room house of her own) Trixie wears paisley bell bottoms beneath a longish pale green nightgown and goes barefoot. No make-up. She loves to sing, but the band doesn't like it when she does. "Don't have much of a voice I guess." She compensates by writing most of their songs. What Trixie digs is when the band gets really into a song and into solos, "and it goes beyond the song into pure music, something like a contact with something beyond you. You're really plugging into central switchboard when that happens. That's why music is different from songs. I sometimes write songs about music."

Trixie's old man is Lars, a gentle young man who pursues a variety of crafts during his long days—he awakens at dawn and does rigorous exercises—who doesn't place especially big sexual demands upon her. Trixie has written a song, "The Daily Bloats," about this part of their relationship: "I had the greeds/When I was younger/I had needs/I was always hungry/Now I only eat my jelly roll on Sunday."

Not that sex has no place in her life. Trixie, who majored in French literature at Radcliffe, is writing what she calls "a dirty novel" as a present for Lars. One passage deals with a car full of people putting bananas to an unusual use—or trying to. Bananas aren't stiff enough to do the job and just sort of goosh all over. Then an Irish cop comes along and sticks his nose into it, literally, and it goes on like that. "I just love dirty books and disgusting songs," Trixie confides. "When I'm working on the novel I just sit there and cackle." Another project she is contemplating has the grandiloquent working title *The Anonymous Novel of America*.

But music comes first. "I get nervous before we play in public because it's such a huge responsibility. Because you're the person who puts people into trips and you want them to be good trips."



shirt named Jack and Eric and Ginger with love." Most chicks expect a bit more direct expression of love.

Similarly, Chris (Sunshine) Brooks knows dozens of musicians from her work, operating the San Francisco office of a rock publicity agency (and from earlier, when she used to sing with jazz bands as Sunshine). At 29, with her sweet face and full-to-matronly figure, many English musicians affectionately call her "Mum." "I am a mother-confessor to some of the guys," she admits. Indeed, Sunshine is a mother, with twin five-year-olds from one marriage (she's been married twice) that didn't work out. Few groupies have been as active as long as Sunshine, who originally started with jazz players. Now she is the senior partner in a group of five girls—herself, Karen, Judy Wong and The Twins (not her children, but a pair of 21-year-old sisters)—who travel as a pack in quest of rock bands. Says Sunshine: "I know I'm not beautiful, but I'm not self-conscious, either, and often I can get something going where the other girls would sort of hang back and wait for it to happen. I'm the front-runner."

Sunshine is both a groupie and more than a groupie. Some of the girls of rock—girls who are very much part of the scene—everybody knows them—never were groupies in the strict sense, but are, somehow, cut of the same fabric. Like Trixie the girl bass player, and Dusty the girl recording engineer.

Dusty Street used to be an FM rock engineer (at KMPX before the S.F. station had its strike and went through all those changes), and now, at 22, is learning to become a recording engineer with Mercury Records. She already has served on several sessions—Harvey Mandel's *Cristo Redentor* and a demo tape for Johnny Winter, most notably—and says she's in it because she digs the music, not so she can ball musicians. "Musicians impress me primarily as minds, as creative forces. What I love is good, solid music that makes you feel. But I don't hang out with musicians." Trained in radio-TV at San Francisco State, Dusty went to KMPX because there was a gig open. "Everybody thought the girl engineers were balling everybody," she laughs. "That was so funny because it never happened." She *did* get love poems from one male listener, nearly every day. And at KMPX she acquired the nicknames "Dusty Superchick," in honor of her tall, comely figure and the roses in her cheeks; and "Lusty Treat," in honor of something (real or fantasized) else. Do musicians hit on her now, after recording sessions? "Oh, when I was first learning sometimes," says Dusty, "but now it's more like a business relationship, like: how can we make this thing sound best. They're all very sweet to me."

Regional pride is a major factor in contemporary American life and accounts for such classic rock and roll statements as:

Well, East Coast girls are really hip
I dig the clothes they wear
And Southern girls with the way they talk
They knock me out when I'm down there
And northern girls with the way they kiss
They keep their boyfriends warm at night
I wish they all could be—California
I wish they all could be—California
I wish they all could be California girls . . .
—BRIAN WILSON, "California Girls"

The fact is that there are differences between groupies according to what part of the country you're in. When you talk about weird scenes, you are talking about Los Angeles and the Mothers and Frank Zappa. The Mothers are the first name that comes to mind when you ask an L.A. groupie which band is the most sexually oriented or bizarre. Indeed, Zappa's reputation, as one musician puts it, is that he supports "all the freaks of Los Angeles."

"Our band is not exactly the kind of band where chicks jump up onstage during a performance," says Zappa. "And the kind of chicks we pull are kinda weird—by weird I mean the 12 and 13 year olds that Don Preston was dragging across international boundaries in Europe. I personally am not troubled with groupies, but the other guys in the band seem to get a little action after the hop."

There are various kinds of groupies and Zappa, an ever-astute observer of the scene, sees them in terms of cities. "New York groupies," says Zappa, "are basically New York chicks. They're snobbish and uptight—they think they're big. San Francisco groupies are okay, but they think there's nothing happening outside San Francisco. L.A. groupies are without doubt the best—the most aggressive and the best fucks, and the only drawback is the incredibly high rate of venereal disease."

Every band that travels carries either Cuprex or A-200 to kill the crabs groupies lay on them. "It's sort of take your choice," Zappa says. "Cuprex burns something awful; it'll take the skin right off. But A-200 smells something fierce."

Sunshine: It's insane. L.A. Chicks will tell you, like, all I care about is fucking and money. All those Hollywood freaks. They have more money than other groupies. Their parents have more money. They get all the material comforts.

Judy: Down in Los Angeles, I've actually seen it happen where a chick will go up to a guy and say, "I'm over 18, I'm clean, let's fuck." Imagine that! It's got nothing to do with a personal relationship. "Let's fuck." Imagine!

The Mothers got love that'll
Drive you mad
They're ravin' 'bout the

Way we do
No need to feel lonely
No need to feel sad
If we ever got a hold on you

Nature's been good to
This here band
Don't think we're shy
Send us up some little groupies
And we'll tape their hands
And rock 'em till they swill and cry

We can love ya till you
Have a heart attack
You best believe that's true
We'll bite your neck
Till you don't know what to do

You know I got a little
Motherly love for you honey—
Yeah-h-h-h
You know it doesn't
Bother me at all
That you're only eighteen years old
Cause I got a little
Motherly love for you babe—
D-d-d-duh-duh-DUH-d-d
Bom-bom-b-b-b-bom-bom-BOMMM—
Bow-bow-b-b-b-b-bow-BOW

—ZAPPA, "Motherly Love"

"Very rare that chicks hit on me," says Zappa. "I think they're afraid of me." At this thought, Zappa flashes the merest—only the merest—small smile. "I would just like to take this opportunity to announce to the groupies of this country that I am a very pleasant fellow, so don't be afraid." As he sat on a flight of stairs backstage at Winterland in San Francisco, fifteen or twenty young girls approached Zappa, not to hit on him, but to tell him they dug the Mothers, him, and the set the band had just completed. Zappa signed autographs, conversed real friendly-like, and was in his every manner the soul of propriety and courtliness. Nevertheless, each of the chicks approached warily, as if ready to make a break for the door, should the goateed lion spring at them.



Zappa used to live in a Topanga Canyon commune with six chicks. "What it was is that I moved in with them instead of paying rent someplace else. It was a happy situation for everybody." But now he's a married man and lives alone with his wife and baby daughter, Moon Unit. (There is a guest house out back, however, where Pamela Zarubica, alias Suzy Creamcheese, resides.)

During their five-month stay in New York, the Mothers were dogged day and night by groupies. They would follow exactly 15 paces behind the band. Really young chicks—Cindy, Annie, Janell and Rozzy—aged 13 to 15. Zappa thought it was far-out. "They really surprised us. They had really groovy minds. More imagination than I've ever seen in girls so young." But sometimes a mite vicious. "I have a tape of a 14-year-old going through a fantasy where she was going to kill my pregnant wife so she could get me. It's a little scary, but it's actually very flattering, too."

Zappa may wind up the ultimate historian of the groupies (whom he sees as freedom fighters at the avant garde of the Sexual Revolution that is sweeping Western Civilization). He's got hours of interview and conversation with groupies on tape, plus all the diaries of the GTOs, plus all the diaries of the Plaster Casters, plus several other diaries and hundreds of letters and photos; and he's already gotten the whole thing together into a book to be called *The Groupie Papers*. The manuscript is already in the hands of the publishing company Stein & Day, although Zappa still has heard no reaction from them. "They asked me to write a political book," he says. "I couldn't get into that, and I had a January 1st deadline. So I did the groupie book. I wonder what their first impression was." Stein & Day is a high quality and pretty straight house.

Some of the tape may appear on the Mothers' next LP, or maybe the one after that. "I'm not sure the public is ready for that yet, and some of the girls are under-age," says Zappa, "so there's the ethical problem." His tapes contain the whole groupie rap: comments on various rockstars ("cockstars," Zappa calls 'em) penis length and diameter, hairiness, body smell, duration of intercourse, number of orgasms by him, number of orgasms by her, type of drug preferred, etc., etc.

It pays to make a favorable impression. "Groupies are very influential on the record market because they know so many people," Zappa notes. "If you're a hit with the groupies, you'll sell 15,000 records in L.A. alone."

Zappa himself couldn't believe it when he first heard about the Plaster Casters. "It was the most fantastic thing I ever heard," he recalls. He is now their sponsor, as the girls put it—or advisor, as he puts it. "I appreciate what they're doing, both artistically and sociologically. Sociologically it's really heavy. I'm their advisor to see that they're not mistreated." Artistically, Zappa thinks the Plaster Casters' works compare favorably with, say, neon sculpture.

"Pop stars are idolized the same way General Grant was. People put up statues to honor war heroes. The Plaster Casters do the same thing for pop stars. What they're doing is making statues of the essential part of the stars. It's the same motivation as making statues of Grant."

Zappa grants that the Plaster Casters are not without their own element of comedy. "I find a sense of humor lacking in pop music generally," he says. "All these people take themselves so seriously. They should be able to laugh at themselves. The Plaster Casters help you do that." Considering all his admiration for the girls it is perhaps odd that Zappa has not been cast himself. "They asked me, of course," he says, "but it just wasn't for me."

The incidence of lesbianism between groupies is high, Zappa finds. "Very high," he says, "and they think nothing of it. They prefer homosexual or bisexual boys. Soft, effeminate boys. It's good that they can be bi-sexual. It shows they're adapting to their needs. If it feels good, do it! With a dog, with a ketchup bottle, anyway at all it's groovy."

"It's amazing what you run into on the road," Zappa says. "These chicks are ready for anything. They'll give head"—oral intercourse—"without thinking about it, anyplace: backstage in the dressing room, out in the street, anyplace, any time. And they're ready for anything."

"I think pop music has done more for oral intercourse than anything else that ever happened, and vice versa."

"And it's good for the girls. Eventually most of them are going to get married to regular workers—office workers, factory workers, just regular guys. These guys are lucky to be getting girls like these, girls who have attained some level of sexual adventurousness. It's good for the whole country. These guys will be happier, they'll do their jobs better, and the economy will reflect it. Everybody will be happier."

In short: A happy nation sucks.

The absolute antithesis in group image to the Mothers is another L.A. band: those "loveable synthetic TV mop-tops" (as Mike Nesmith himself describes them), the Monkees. And yet . . . and yes, it's hard to believe . . . the Monkees figure fairly prominently in the tales of L.A. groupies. There are stories of orgies, of fantastic week-ends, the same kind of stories that are told about most bands.

Monkee Mike Nesmith says he doesn't know where the stories come from, because, "actually our contacts with those people are very, very limited, and growing more so by the day." Whether this is a Monkee public relations attempt to keep the group's name pristine is open to speculation. But Nesmith seems entirely candid when he says: "It's not that we'd mind, but the un-

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The GTOs are a sociological creation of Frank Zappa's. He didn't create the GTOs; he merely made a "group" of them . . . and now is presenting them in concert as well as recording them. According to Frank, G.T.O. stands for Girls Together Occasionally, Girls Together Often, or Girls Together Only. Girls Together Only are lesbians. But the GTOs (the group) are not lesbians; they are merely girls who happen to like other girls' company.

The GTOs in all their freaky splendor are . . . outasite. Each has a personality all her own, and together they are not to be believed—tumbling, chattering, laughing, telling stories, leaping about. The visceral reaction is full freak, but once you get into it, you don't even notice.

"Girls don't show the emotions like they should," one of the girls said. "When I say: 'Sandra, you have the most beautiful breasts in the whole world,' that's not homosexual, it's just what I feel. You know how it is when you don't have a boyfriend and there's a girl there to hold your hand, to kiss you, to say nice things to you. It's so important."

Sparky says: "We don't ignore each other at all."

Cinderella says: "We compliment each other. There are closer relationships between girls than boys."

Mercy says: "We love boys to death. But you shouldn't be pushed into things. Some people think we're dykes and they're disappointed when they find out we aren't."

Miss Christine says: "This is Hollywood, and Hollywood's Hollywood . . . but in Ohio, maybe they aren't ready for this. We're trying to spread our philosophy."

Mercy's Story: She first went to the Fillmore Auditorium when it first opened, moving into the Haight-Ashbury when she was 16 1/2, leaving her family in one of the San Francisco suburbs. She remained in the Haight until 1967, hanging out on the street, panhandling some, very much a part of the scene, spending a lot of time in Golden Gate Park. During 1966-67 she spent six months in juvenile hall, in several installments. "All the things my parents thought I would avoid by being in jail, I learned in jail," she says. "My parents didn't care; they thought jail'd be good for me. So I was in with dykes and junkies and the rest. I finally left the Haight when it lost its magic. Besides, I couldn't see being a hippie the rest of my life."



The GTO's

In 1967 she moved to Laguna Beach, traveling back and forth to S.F. and then to New York for five days in the fall of that year, finally returning to LA, where she now lives in room No. 229 of the Landmark Hotel (one of the motels where groups stay) with Miss Christine and Cinderella. Mercy is a heavy girl, with a predilection for loose-fitting clothing made from antique (sometimes rotting) cloth, boots, and black eye makeup looking as if it were applied with a canoe paddle.

Sandra's Story: Sandra is a native Southern California and she joined "the scene" by hanging out at the Insomniac, a now-defunct coffee shop in Hermosa Beach. She also frequented (with Miss Christine) a similar place called the Intangible Tangerine, where, she says, "everybody was insane." She's from San Pedro, "where everybody cruises." She went to New York when Miss Christine moved in with Tony Melendy, a Santa Monica sculptor. For a while she was in art school somewhere, and finally she found her way to Tom Mix's old house in Laurel Canyon. At that time, Carl Orestes Franzoni ("he is freaky right down to his toenails," Zappa said on the liner notes of *Freak Out*) was living there in one of LA's wilder communes. (The house rents for \$700 a

month and later Zappa moved in, gathering his own commune to supplant that of Franzoni's.) Miss Christine had been reunited with Sandra by now and they lived together in the vault in the basement of the house (right next to the bowling alley. Her "fave raves" are Bob Dylan and Calvin (who is the artist Zappa uses for all advertising and album cover art).

Miss Christine's Story: She, too was born in San Pedro, of Yugoslav parents. She was a "sickly kid," she says, and had a "big complex about being skinny." (She is tall and lean, the type of girl who would have been called "beanpole" by her schoolmates.) "Pop music brought it all together for me socially," she said. "It brought people together, it gave me friends." She says she is the cold, cruel one in the group, but she's not. She's bright and quite outgoing. She met Zappa when he returned to LA from New York for a concert, when she was living in Franzoni's commune. "We talk about groups a lot," she said. "That's because it's glamorous and because we're very young. If you have a fave rave in a band, it's like having a soldier in the war; you write him letters and you worry about him." When Zappa returned to LA for good, she became his housekeeper and governess

to Moon Unit, Frank's daughter. "Mercy and I sent the Velvet Underground a dozen roses with our pictures on the back," she said. "You can't be subtle." Miss Christine loves clothing and makes all her own, which can only be described as junkshop harlequin. The night of our interview she was wearing a knitted patchwork jump suit in a hundred colors, colored pipe cleaners coiled into her frizzed character; not a bad description.

Pamela's Story: It started with Elvis, she said, when Elvis went "off to war" and she marked the days off one-by-one for two years on a calendar hanging in her bedroom. Later, she sent Paul McCartney a poem every day for several months. She also fell in love with Chris Hillman (Byrds), and once took him some soup. Still another time she "chased the Stones" and once banged on Mick Jagger's hotel room door . . . and he said he was in the shower . . . and she kept on banging, so he came to the door and opened it and he was nude . . . and she ran down the hall. She is from Los Angeles (the San Fernando Valley) and grew up there with the "greaser groups." She studied acting for a while. Her fave rave is Nick St. Nicholas of Steppenwolf, and one side of their upcoming single (on the Bizarre label), is called "Ooo-Ooo Man," a song written about this

blonde bass player she loves. (Nick doesn't know about it.) Pamela has kept a diary reflecting her interest in groups and according to the Plaster Casters of Chicago, it's beautiful. Pamela is blonde and fragile, yet hearty.

Cinderella: Isn't sure of her story. "I'm the chronic liar in the group," she said. "Frank said write fourteen songs and I did," she said at another point. "I can't remember anything." "I don't know what you can put down." "I don't know how old I am, I'm from everywhere, I have no fave raves." Cinderella is a little "spaced," by somebody else's terms; gentle and sad. She apparently writes most of the GTO's material, as indicated; she has chopped blonde hair and likes diaphanous mini-dresses.

Sparky has always liked all music, she said, emphasis on *all*. Along with Sandra and some one named Miss Lucy they danced together at clubs (Cheetah, etc.), wearing diapers. They became known (to Frank Zappa) as the GTOs . . . and later Frank broadened the size of the group of dancers and introduced them as the Laurel Canyon Ballet Company. (They appeared with him at least twice: at the Shrine and Cheetah.) "Frank just saw us dancing, I guess," Sparky said. Sparky is small and dark and sexy.

As ROLLING STONE's photographer took photo after photo, the dialogue was as scattered as the poses they hit. "I'm the Mae West of 1968," said Mercy. Then: "No, I'm the Theda Bara." Sandra says: "I'm the Italian widow of the group." Someone else says: "I'm the bull dyke of the group." (All describing Jimmy Carl Black as "the Indian of the group.") A radio was playing in the background. "Ahhhhhh . . . Smokey Robinson!" "Wake up, little Suzie . . ." Sing-along time, and trading stories about groups, between leaping and posing and making comments, and laughing a lot.

What they have going for them is, really, a dream come true. They're a group now. Making records. Appearing in public. Once it had been decided they would be known (on future Billboard charts) as the GTOs, they rehearsed nearly every night for two months. The act they debuted at the Shrine Exposition Hall here a few weeks ago was beautifully choreographed and so what if one of the Mothers thinks they're astonishingly flat, can't carry a tune in a bucket.





Sally Mann lives with Jefferson Airplane at their spacious Victorian San Francisco mansion. She serves as house mother: preparing meals, washing the dishes, answering the phone, answering the door, screening unwanted visitors and a host of other chores, for which she is paid nothing except the gratitude of the Airplane.

"These people lead a beautiful life," Sally explains. "It's fun and good to be with it. To have their fantasies with them. It's always a question of what have I got to give. You've got to have something to give and so many groupies just don't. You can't even hold a sensible conversation with them. A lotta chicks just use a dude for a meal ticket."

"Sally is a good girl," says Airplane drummer Spencer Dryden, with whom Sally is presently closest, "and the way you can tell is that the other girls here dig her. She's a good friend to all of them. That's important to keep harmony." ("We do have a touchy thing about balling more than one guy in the band at a time," Sally adds.)

Sally has lived all around the country, but most recently (until last summer) was in Los Angeles, where the whole scene was to be seen at either the Whiskey or at Pinnacle, and there she was, early, late and often. The L.A. karma is much more super-charged with the juice of stardom. Sally says: "People here don't seem to be noticing who's who when a star comes to San Francisco. In L.A., everybody senses a star's vibes. Like they might not know who he is, exactly, but they know

he's somebody they should know. I think that makes it a lot easier to deal with people in San Francisco. You see them for people, not for stars."

Sally retains a slight drawl from her genteel Southern upbringing. Daddy is a Southern politician, who hasn't the faintest idea what kind of life she lives in San Francisco, and it's just as well. "It's easier for him to think I'm at a girl's school." It would probably blow Daddy's mind to learn of her attitude toward balling: "If somebody is groovy and is a good lay, too, that's groovy. But I just ball people I care about. And mainly musicians. I haven't balled many non-musicians. I find men who are married the best balls, because they have really been intimate with a woman and know how to please. But one fuck just isn't that big a thing."

Sally's mother lives in a small, sparsely furnished San Francisco apartment tending Sally's baby boy and living partly on Sally's \$150 monthly welfare checks. Mom seems approving of all Sally's activities. The boy was the product of her marriage (they're separated now) to one of the performers in the musical Hair.

On one hand, Sally tends to be defensive. "It is hard for an outsider to see the real stability in this scene." She sips coffee in the Airplane kitchen and gestures vaguely toward the upstairs parts of the mansion. How stable is it? "Oh, it's not stable at all, but that's not important. What's important is what's happening right now."

Right now means the rock and roll life Sally has led since she split college in Texas at the age of 16. She's 20 now. "I've done enough that I could be 25." At 16

she was married in Mexico to the road manager of a Los Angeles band. Which got her into L.A. and a grass scene that put her in jail for quite a period of time. She doesn't like to talk about that.

"L.A. was like a carnival city. Everybody was there. It was the center of the rock and roll world and if you were a young girl, you were involved in it. Donovan and the Stones and the Beatles. It was the zenith in everybody's career. I mean, there would be, all staying at the Hollywood Sunset, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Yardbirds with Jeff Beck, Paul Butterfield and maybe two or three other bands, too. It was just madness, so much was going down."

"Now so many people are jaded. Like: 'There's Mick Jagger jacking off in the corner; far-out.' You know, 'so what?' There's too much of that attitude."

Sally came to San Francisco with Big Brother, spent time with a lot of S.F. bands, and now, at Airplane House, says: "I'm retired. I'm just living here in retirement. I really dig this house. I haven't really been out to do anything for four weeks. It all goes down at the house, so why go out? Might as well wait and soon enough it'll happen here. I've just been at it too long. It's too much to get it together and go out every weekend. And I'm so bored, anyway, with any scene other than this one."

"So many chicks I know are so unhappy. But I'm fairly happy. I think this is one of the most important things happening anywhere and I just want to be part of it."



Catherine James is a soft, exceptionally pretty girl, floating lengths of fine blond hair (she touches it often, pushing it about casually, messing it up as a little girl would), shy, rather guarded, speaks in a gentle, little-girl voice, punctuates her talk with little-girl laughs, almost coy but pleasant to hear. Her laugh is an important part of her, almost as if you were tickling her in a special place.

Catherine James is beautiful.

She is probably the "top groupie" in Los Angeles. Not that she has balled more cats than anyone else, not that she hangs out more than anyone else, not that she is a full-time groupie. Because she is not. She is none of those things.

Catherine James in Los Angeles' "top groupie" because she is Los Angeles' most desirable groupie. Her beauty, her grace, her style, her cool, the simple fact that she is a very groovy chick, make her a sought after chick, not a chick that is on the hustle.

She is the daughter of Travis Edmundson (of Bud &) but because her mother had so many husbands, Catherine had to select a father figure outside mom's small circle of friends, she says. She selected Jim Dickson, former manager of the Byrds, as that man, and Jim is her son's godfather.

"My parents are musicians. My mother is a folk-singer. And my grandfather is a conductor and composer. So everybody in my family is in the music business and all my parents' friends have been musicians. I grew up in music. I like the music. It makes me feel good. It's a kind of a part of my life. It just happens to be the kind of life I've been in.

"I stay home most of the time with the baby now. I don't think I really have a role in it. I don't hang out as much as I once would. I used to go to clubs all the time, I used to know everybody. Then I realized everything I thought was happening wasn't hap-

pening at all. Now I stay home. Meanwhile, all my friends are still doing the same thing."

There are no tawdry scenes for her. If she is backstage, it is because she happens to be a guest. She does not hitchhike when she follows some group from Los Angeles to San Francisco, she flies, and she does not pay for her own ticket. In part, this comes from the fact that she has been around from the beginning; she hardly has to struggle with the nouveau rocke.

Catherine lives in a modest apartment in Hollywood. All the standard stuff: grey-black personality posters, a stereo set with components, stacks of records, photos tacked all over, not quite comfortable, one room after the next, with lots of spaces where furniture might go if it were available or important enough to be necessary. Outside her door is a sign that says DAY SLEEPER. Usually she gets up at 11:00 A.M., but sometimes she sleeps until five in the afternoon.

"Sometimes," she explains, "I go on binges and stay out late. The binges last about two weeks." When she does that, her baby son Damian (one year, two months old) stays up with her. But mostly now she stays home and people come to her house to see her. Unlike many groupies, Catherine James does not drop a lot of names; and she feels—and who could argue—that it's nobody's business who she balls.

Damian is an English baby, Catherine tells you. "I was in England two years. I was back and forth three different times. I went over there the first time when I was 16 and I stayed there until I was 17. I came back to America for three weeks and I went back again for about nine months. About two years in all. It was all happening then, in England. I didn't go out much. I stayed home and looked after the house, did washing, did cooking. I really loved England. I want to go back."

She said she had to leave England because of the laws and stayed as long as she did (the first time) because she was pregnant and "the Queen allows for that." "I had to get married or leave, and I left."

Catherine was once a performer herself. "When I was younger I used to sing and play at the Troubadour on Monday nights. That was when I was 12. You know the group, Flying Burrito Brothers? Chris Hillman is in the group. Well, one time, back then, he was in a group called Chris & the Hillmans. They backed me up once. The Dillards backed me up once. It was really fun. Sometimes I think I want to do it again. Yeah . . . I was pretty good. I know lots of producers and they say any time I want to get it together again, just let them know. I don't feel that confident."

Catherine talked on about her life, hardly mentioning any names. She was entirely matter-of-fact about it, although her small, musical laugh brightened the narrative. "I've lived on my own since I was 14. I was sent to a boarding school and I got into trouble there, maybe would have had to go to juvenile hall, so I ran away. They had this great big meeting about me and I left. I went north and lived in the mountains for two months with friends, on grenadine water and brown rice. I was with a bunch of musicians who helped me run away. Every month one of the guys would get a check for ten dollars from his mother and we'd go into town and eat a good meal and buy a pack of cigarets.

"I met this guy who knew my father; he was well known in music, this friend. And he took me to Mill Valley, where I took care of his children for two months. There was an all-points bulletin out for me and I was hiding out, I guess. I got bored with that, though, and I moved to Sausalito where I met this English guy and we moved to San Francisco. Then I got tired of him and I moved to Berkeley."

"By then all the police knew I was in the San Francisco area and this other boy took me to his house. He was 16 and I was 14 and I lived with his family for about a month. I met this old doctor at his father's house and he had to go back to Boston and he said 'I'll take you back.' He had this big house and I lived there, until I said I wanted to see New York; he gave me \$10 and said go see it, but please come back when you want. I walked about the first day, feeling lonely, finally meeting this guy the end of the night and he said come stay with me, and I did, and it turned out to be a big band . . . and I lived with them for about three months.

"I got tired of being poor. I knew one person who was rich, through my father. I moved uptown and did some modeling. It was then I met Brian, y'know, Linda's boyfriend, and we went out for a while, I liked him so much. I was in love. I thought this was it. Then he was back in England, and I kept meeting more people. I met chicks like Winona and Suzanne. It was a completely different world. I started working at Ondine, playing the records, and I got to know everybody. And then one day I met his [Damian's] father and he took me to Puerto Rico for a week before he went back to England. And then I went to England to live with him. I had the baby and I came back. I still knew all these people . . . all in the music world. It's been pretty nice, all in all."

Catherine stopped and smiled and almost laughed again. "I've some regrets about it all when I look back," she said. Don't we all? It's all a part of growing up."



THE PLASTER CASTERS

On the evening of Feb. 25, 1968, two girls who call themselves the Plaster Casters of Chicago—Cynthia, age 21, and Dianne, age 17—took a cab to the Chicago Opera House, where they waited for one of the top rock and roll attractions to appear. He was at that moment completing his first show inside and the Plaster Casters knew that he would be returning to his room in the Conrad Hilton Hotel between sets.

As the star they were seeking got into his limousine, Cynthia and Dianne followed in the cab. At the hotel, they approached him and introduced themselves. They were there, they said, to cast his genitals in plaster of Paris. If he was agreeable, they'd all go to his room . . . and this popular lead guitarist would become No. 00004 in the Plaster Casters' diary. The rock and roll star was agreeable.

In the Plaster Casters' diary, a penis is called a "rig"; fellatio is called "plating" and a fellator is called a "plater"; masturbation is called "banking" and a masturbator is called a "Barclay's banker." These terms come from British slang, taught the girls by members of an English group.

From the diary, pages 7 and 8: "Dianne: Plater; Cynthia: Mold and Plaster Caster; Marilyn: Cynthia's assistant. We needed a ratio of 28:28 and found this barely sufficient. . . . has got just about the biggest rig I've ever seen! We needed to plunge him through the entire depth of the vase. In view of all these dodgy precedents, we got a beautiful mold. He even kept his hard for the entire minute. He got stuck, however, for about fifteen minutes (his hair did), but he was an excellent sport—didn't panic . . . he actually enjoyed it and balled the impression after it had set. In fact, I believe the reason we couldn't get his rig out was that it wouldn't GET SOFT!"

"A beautiful (to say the least) mold with part of a ball and some random embedded hairs. Dig this—the plaster cast was a flop. Cynthia got uptight and didn't mix enough, and then after she'd gotten it set into the mold, she got anxious to get the finished product out before it was finished, and so it all crumbled. But it was kept intact in its crumbled heap for a couple days and it subsequently dried together and was only broken in 3 divisions—head, rig, and ball. A little Elmer's glue and we had our plaster cast—a little on the Venus DeMilo side, but it's a real beauty."

"I want to make one thing clear in front," Frank Zappa says. "The girls don't think this is the least bit creepy, and neither do I." Zappa says he is serving as the girls' unofficial "guardian," with plans to publish their diaries and perhaps present an exhibit of their casts.

Cynthia and Dianne are groupies. They called themselves groupies and they are not ashamed of the term. "A groupie is a person who regularly chases groups," Cynthia says. "It doesn't matter the approach or purpose—to get autographs, to go to bed with them, to get to know them. Most of my friends are groupies."

"Some people condemn you for seeking friendship with someone famous and they call you a groupie. I don't chase people just because they're famous—people like actors, vice presidents or war heroes—but only if they play good music. Music really moves me; it's a huge part of me."

"I've been chasing groups for five years," Cynthia says. "We wanted to stand out from the other groupies and I was studying art at the University (of Illinois), doing plaster casting. My teacher said bring something to class and I thought why not bring . . . But I wanted to pass and the teacher wasn't cool, so I chickened out. It still seemed like a good idea, so I started asking groups if they wanted to be cast."

"We've approached about 150 or 200 groups," she says, "and most of the casts we've made are of road managers. The groups promise us, but they don't come through very often. I guess they're chicken."

Even once the girls had mastered the technique, there were problems—as evidenced when they cast the rig of a popular bassist, also at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, a month after the guitarist mentioned earlier had been cast:

"Dianne—Plater; Cynthia—Mold and Plaster Mixer. I would like to note that

Marilyn was present to resume her duties as general assistant; however, at the time, being very stoned, she was unable to offer any service, save a couple of random scratches on a newspaper with a marking pen. Being under the same circumstances, I (Cynthia) could do little better, and faced with the additional chore of counting scoops there was a short delay in getting the alginates measured (I lost count 3 times) and heaven knows how warm or cold the water was. It was supposed to be a 28:28 ratio but I doubt if it was even alginates.

"Still, it molded superbly. Dianne applied some baby oil to his hair, and he only got stuck for five minutes. I had been counting aloud the time before we thrust . . . in the mold, and when I announced the crucial moment, he became panicky and started to get soft. Thus, instead of diving in mightily straight in, we had to shove it and pound it in, and it twisted like a worm. This is just what the cast looks like—a worm peeking out of the ground."

Initially, Cynthia's partner was Barbara (there are seldom surnames in fandom), who dropped out and was replaced by Dianne. Cynthia says she met Dianne at "the Stones' hotel" four years ago (when she was 17 and Dianne was 13).

"One aspect of being a groupie is you meet other groupies," Cynthia says. "You can't do it alone. Dianne took Barbara's place in July, 1967. We hadn't made any casts by then, although we had

been calling ourselves the Plaster Casters for more than a year. I call Dianne my apprentice protege, until she makes her first cast, when she'll reach full Plaster Caster-hood."

"The Recipe: 1. Plaster, 2. Alginates, 3. Alginates and water measuring scoops, 4. Baggies, 5. Vaseline, 6. Knife (Spatula), 7. 1 container (vase), 8. 1 container (Plastic cup), 9. 1 container (Coffee Can) 1/4-1/3 filled with water, 10. Water thermometer (unless you trust your hand)."

It was some time before all these technical details had been determined; the Plaster Casters had difficulty making casts in the early days. Not only did nearly every guitarist, drummer, organist and singer they approached refuse the honor, when they finally did find takers, seldom did anything go right. Either Dianne "didn't lubricate (the rig) with enough vaseline" or the subject of the casting didn't push his rig far enough into the vase or he pushed a finger into the vase with it.

Cynthia left home when she was 19, after her mother discovered one of the diaries she had been keeping. (This was in the days before she began to make casts). "She threatened me with a priest and a psychiatrist," Cynthia says. "So I moved in with Dianne. Dianne lives with her grandmother."

Dianne says, "It all started when the Beatles came out . . . then Gerry and the Pacemakers, the Kinks, and Billy J. Kramer. I read *Rave*, *Fabulous* and *Big*

Beat. I used to go downtown (Chicago) to buy the magazines all the time. Then when the Stones were here in May, 1965, I went down to their hotel. I ditched school for it."

The Stones were the first group Cynthia ever met. "Since then . . . well, just everybody, I guess."

They live in a modest home in Elmwood Park, two blocks from the Chicago city limits. The casts are kept in a shoebox in Dianne's closet. Dianne is a student at Elmwood Park High School. Cynthia is an IBM key puncher. Both are native Chicagoans. When they go out on a "job," they carry the casts in a paper sack, to show musicians the quality of their craft, and the casting equipment is in an attache case, a huge sign on one side that says "PLASTER CASTERS OF CHICAGO."

"We look very official," Cynthia says. They even have had "business cards" printed.

Q: Why . . . uh . . . I mean, how was it determined who would be the . . . uh . . . the plater, and who would make the casts?

A: I had worked with plaster in school, and I knew how to do that. Dianne is the plater because she is considered excellent at that. We may change jobs, when I teach her how to make casts.

The Plaster Casters of Chicago regard what they do quite prosaically. Rock and roll musicians are the girls' life-focus, but casting genitalia in plaster is merely a means of overtaking other groupies, getting to a rock star first, as ordinary a means of making contact as, say, writing an especially good fan letter. For many, it may be difficult to relate to this. It must be remembered that morality, or the lack of it, is irrelevant. This just happens to be the bag they're in.

"Eventually, I'd like to get other types of people," says Cynthia. "You know, have a whole museum of casts. Wouldn't that be nice? A whole room full of pedestals and these things on them! I'd like to get a common laborer. I'd love to get the President. Maybe a Zulu chief, too."

Groupies are not generally jealous of the Plaster Casters. Far from it—much as you might suppose the opposite. Says Catherine James: "I don't think there's anything wrong with it. I wouldn't want to . . . you know (giggle) . . . be known as a Plaster Caster. But it's not some hidden thing. Everybody has their thing. I'd like to meet them. They always make me smile, that's for sure. (Giggle)."

Frank Zappa has asked Cynthia to join the GTO's. She is presently weighing the offer. It seems impossible that she might refuse, for a GTO-Plaster Caster merger is so logical and so right that to deny it would fly in the face of all logic.

The girls say their idea has worked wonders in meeting new groups; it cuts through all the "groupie groveling," they say, and because people have heard of them, they usually are taken to hotel rooms straightaway.

There's been one problem, though. There are now some other young ladies in Chicago, and elsewhere, calling themselves the Plaster Casters. "I feel horrible about it," Cynthia says. "They're cashing in on our fame. They can get to groups real easy this way . . . and we're the ones that pay for it when these others don't deliver. It hurts our reputation."

About the imposters, Frank Zappa says: "Well, that's show business."



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derground has completely shunned us, and that means the whole Monkee scene is anathema to the chicks who hang around bands."

Nesmith, who's 26, sounds altogether wistful as he explains where the Monkees are really at. "We wind up with the 11-year-olds who don't get along with Mommy and Daddy. At first we rejected them, but then you come to see how they identify with the band. They're not articulate. We speak for them in a way beyond semantics. I mean, I love Jimi Hendrix' music. It's a very powerful statement of what Jimi is. Chicks hear Jimi and they've got to ball him. They hear us and what they hear in us is themselves. We're a reflection. There's no need to ball us when they can take the record home and it's like balling themselves every 20 minutes."

To think that any groupies should ever fantasize over the Monkees is almost more than Nesmith can conceive. "It's flattering, I guess, in a weird sort of way. But I don't know what they see in us."

The fantasies are broadening into the culture and cutting through age lines, and groupies are getting younger and younger. The Grateful Dead have in their collection a letter an 8-year-old girl wrote to Jerry Garcia: "I want to know all about you. I want to know what kind of woman you prefer. I want to fuck with you when I get to San Francisco." The Dead's secretary wrote the mini-groupie that Garcia had an old lady for the time being, and advised patience.

Some musicians make a game of guessing what kind of women their band members will choose. Now that Jimmy Page is making his first U. S. tour with Led Zeppelin, does he find more or less groupies than on the eight tours he did with the Yardbirds and others? "Well," he says, "by now, I've got friends I look up, or they call me, in nearly every city. But the other boys in the band who've not been here before—I kind of prepare mental lists in my mind to try to predict who they'll pair off with. I know which chicks are going to come out and the kind of fellows they go for, and I know the taste of the guys in the band, and so I try to make my predictions, girl by girl. I can come pretty close."

Jimmy Page thinks New York has the best looking groupies, but that San Francisco's are the most friendly, the most inclined toward developing personal relations in depth with the musicians. "You take each as they come, though," he says. "And they're all over the world. We even found them in Singapore."

The groupies Steve Miller has known since he arrived in San Francisco two years ago nearly all have babies now, he notes—not to say he's the father. This is attributable, Miller thinks, to the fact that "for most of these girls there's something missing in their lives—they want more love and affection than they had gotten at home. I think that's why they want to have kids. They could get abortions, but they don't."

It is not unusual for a whole week-end to pass in San Francisco, with a musician and a chick never going to bed together once, though they are together constantly nearly every hour. (Two well-known San Francisco girls started into the groupie scene at the age of 18 and were virgins—they say—until a year ago, at age 20. They are, it should be noted, atypical.)

It's over to Sausalito, up Mount Tamalpais, shopping at the Town Squire, lunch at Enrico's, dinner at Connie's, walk the Golden Gate Bridge, fly kites in the park. This may be one reason why musicians think it a groovy city, but think of other cities as more exciting.

Most San Francisco girls have a job of their own and are self-sufficient, like London girls. They have their own homes and get into the kind of cooking that is a sure way to a man's belly.

Not every S. F. girl is excited about the current scene in that city, however.

Lacy: The San Francisco scene seems so dead, you know? For a while I was thinking maybe it's me, maybe I'm burnt out. But the people don't applaud at the clubs and it isn't as exciting as it was, like when the Avalon was the hangout and I worked there.

Though it's an infrequent thing in San Francisco, open balling is taken as a matter of course in Los Angeles. Take, for instance, the time Dinea and Sue arrived at the home of a member of a famous and successful band which imitated the Beatles and within an hour had arranged a picturesque orgy on Mr. T's living room floor, playing to an audience of four. The next day, after a complicated series of intertwinings, involving, at one point or another, all the other house guests, Dinea capped off the week-end in a guest bedroom with Mr. McG., just the two of them, alone at last. Later, as she and Sue departed, she voiced speculation aloud as to why they'd not been invited back. They erred not in having put on a good show, but in having gone at it too hard. They left everybody at T's house exhausted.

It can go to similar extremes in New York—like, for instance, the time two groupies fought it out for then-Yardbird Jimmy Page. Each was determined that she was going to have him. So they fought, fist, tooth and nail, until one finally and bloodily was declared victor. Page wasn't there, but when he heard of it later, he said, "I guess that's one way to settle a conflict."

"That New York scene offends me as a female," says one groupie who's traveled the country and beyond. "They come on so strong. They go up to the stage and try to grab a foot or something or just say, 'You really, um, do it to me, let's go to my

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place and ball.' It's downright disgusting. I downright feel sorry for musicians who have to put up with it."

"You look for certain things in certain towns," explains Jimmy Page. "Chicago, for example, is notorious for sort of two things at once—balling two chicks—or three—in combination acts."

Chicago's Plaster Casters hooked up with Jimmy Page one time, but couldn't manage to cast him. Page was willing—"I thought it would be a laugh"—and ready when the Casters showed up at his hotel room. The girls discovered though, that they'd forgotten an essential rubber-base ingredient, and were unable to get Page's likeness.

"They are the most unlikely looking people," Page reports. "One of them looks like a dentist's receptionist, and they go about it very business-like, laying out their equipment and tools. It's as if they're cooking up a steak with some strange sauces or something. It's obviously not a normal sort of thing, but it's fun." His introduction was when one of them handed him a card saying, simply, "Life Made Model of Hampton Wick." (Hampton Wick being British slang for penis.) Page also feels sure the Plaster Casters were responsible for hoisting signs at Chicago Civic Auditorium with the one-word message, "Wank." That's British slang for masturbate, "and it broke us up; we fell apart laughing."

In contrast Steve Miller found his experiences with the Plaster Casters entirely unpleasant. "They came after me," he says, "when we were in Chicago, and I knew about them before—and I thought it sounded like it might be a groovy thing to do. But then I met these chicks and they're sick. They're such grim, sick people. They look like medieval mental cases. They're just little girls who are absolutely nowhere, man. If they were groovy it would be one thing, but the way they go about it it's sort of fanatic sickness, really a cheap, trashy trip. When it came down to the nitty gritty and I saw what these chicks are really into I just told them I wasn't interested."

Small town chicks tend to be less aggressive than their big-city sisters. They come backstage to meet the musician and ask if he'd like to come to a party on strength of the idea that he makes good music, therefore he might be worth knowing. "Down in Texas, when we were there," Steve Miller says of his recent tour, "we met some really fine girls—real, basic, down-to-earth people. Like San Francisco girls, except a lot of them live on farms. We had some of the best times we had on the tour in Texas and in small towns because they were the real people."

The Beatles, the Stones and Dylan occupy important positions in the fantasies and lusts of the groupies (though, surprisingly, Dylan's name doesn't come up very often—somehow he's thought beyond aspiration). But it is Jimi Hendrix who is regarded as the Best Score. He is the most accessible of all the top stars, for one thing. (How does a girl get at the Beatles?) And there's all that super-black karma attached to his name. And Hendrix is usually ready for whatever little thing turns up. There's no record of his ever having let down any little lady he found worthy.

To Hendrix, groupies are an essential part of the picture. "I only remember a city," he says, "by its chicks. Instead of saying 'We're part of the love scene,' they're actually doing it. They take you around, they wash your socks and try to make you feel nice while you're in town because they know they can't have you forever. Used to be the soldiers who were the gallant ones, riding into town, drinking the wine and taking the girls. Now it's the musician."

Chicks want nothing more than to be remembered by Hendrix.

Anna: There's nothing I'd like more than to ball Jimi Hendrix. But my relationship started with one of the other guys [in The Experience], and I want him to come back. I don't want to lose the relationship I've got going.

Inevitably, a whole legend of Jimi Hendrix As Satyr has evolved, compounded of twice and thrice told tales that get more astounding—and dubious—with every new hearing. Here is one of those as recounted by Henri (and it could be called "The Tale of Jimi Hendrix and The Seven Groupies"). "One time the dressing room was full of star-fuckers, at a party for Hendrix. He balled seven different chicks in the space of three hours. Each chick knew what was happening but it didn't seem to matter. He was Jimi Hendrix."

Anna: Hendrix is aware—that's all you can say about Hendrix—he's really aware of what turns people on. He knows how to handle that guitar—he just about balls it. It's a very sexual thing. It's such a trip for him and he gets it across to other people. His gyrations are . . . that's just him—that's Jimi! He's doing it because he knows it turns on people. And he turns himself on.

But when a rock musician reaches a certain stature, not everybody he runs into turns him on. Those are the chicks Hendrix addresses in his "Crosstown Traffic" . . .

All you do is slow me down
I'm trying to get on the other side of town

I'm not the only soul who's been accused of hit
& run
Tire tracks all across your back
I can see you had your fun

But uh darlin cant you see
My signal turn from green to red

An' with you I can see

A traffic jam straight up ahead

Q: Is there a status thing like maybe a chick would say she balled the equipment manager for Jimi Hendrix? Would that be a thing she could tell her friends?

Anna: I don't think so. I'd never say it. (Laughs.) First of all, I'd know his name. (Laughs.) Which is Jerry.

Q: But do you gain status among your friends for having been involved with the stars?

A: Possibly. Oh yeah. That it would be groovy to know them. Well, most of my girlfriends are into the same scene. They've been involved with a few . . .

Groupies are a phenomenon of the road for most musicians. When they are at home they stick with their old ladies, or a handful of chicks who are special to them, anyway. "Where I live, in Kent, I have no contact with groupies whatsoever," says Jeff Beck. "They have this nasty kind of cunning way of seeping inside your scene and into your life, when really you don't know them at all. I mean it's one thing when you're travelling, but at home—never." Beck lives with a model named Celia, one of the best known in England, a girl somewhat older than him. Celia saw Beck on TV one time and spread the word, as he tells it, that she'd like to ball him. That was two years ago, while she was still with the Yardbirds. They've lived happily ever after.

"Groupies all think you've got money," says Beck, who, on his most recent tour, lost a \$30 pair of sunglasses to a Los Angeles chick. "She just fucked off with them and I never saw her again. They're like that. You've got to watch everything you own." He's had nearly a dozen lace shirts stolen.

After seven tours of the U. S. Beck is weary of the American girls of rock. "There's none of them comparable to British chicks. American girls are all the same. They try to be what they think you'd like, sort of, but they all act the same. It's like they're all stamped out of the same mold. Every English girl is different. They're themselves. They might seem super-cool on the outside, but when you get to know one—well, there are some incredible surprises." Beck does like L.A. groupies for the starlet kind of glamor they radiate—"they're exciting"—and for the way L.A. parties at fancy homes evolve "just from sort of two people sitting around into fantastic scenes." New York chicks are too obvious, too overbearing for him. He finds San Francisco dull.

"These groupies, you know—they've never got anything to say for themselves. They just hover about. You never meet one who's got both a head and a body. If they've got a body, there's nothing in the head, and vice versa. I've seen 'em all and it's depressing. Groupies use groups, man—groupies use groups—not the reverse, the way it might look. It's all for their own egos. It's got very little—very, very

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Karen doesn't like to be called a groupie. She likes to think of herself and her friends as "band-aids." "We're beyond the groupie things," she explains. Karen's interest in rock began with the Beatles in 1963 and quickly exploded to include just about every band working in her native San Francisco from the Great Society on. "I always dug the music," she says, batting her dense eyelashes, "I never screamed. I wanted to see and hear." But when she hears and sees Jimi Hendrix get into "Foxey Lady" . . .

You know you're a cute little heart breaker—
Foxey . . .

An' you know you're a sweet little love maker—
Foxey . . .

Ooo—Foxey Lady
Here I come baby—
I'm comin to gitcha

. . . it makes her feel—well—"I'm only attracted to musicians," she says, "Music is so sexual. You hear 'Foxey Lady' and you want to go up and jump on the goddam stage when you see a guy getting so-o-o much out of his guitar."

Along the way she has learned the rock business, first as a waitress and presently as booker of bands for the Matrix, a San Francisco rock club. With her electric red hair and her Marilyn Monroe pout (the pout is Marilyn, though the features are not), Karen is a striking girl. She was recently with a young British rock vocalist of no small renown and now is full of praise for Englishmen—they're so polite, they light your cigarettes for you, they open car doors, they're so attentive—though she knew "American girls are not the kind of girls they marry." But she thinks Englishmen go for San Francisco girls, because, "We're the most European of American cities."

She dismisses the whole groupie game of ball-and-tell as schoolgirl stuff. "Talking about who is and who isn't a good lay is just stupidity. It isn't whether he's got a big dick or anything—though you might think so by the way some chicks talk about it. You wouldn't believe it. I think anybody can satisfy anybody. You have to be willing to help each other, tell each other how to please you. But anybody can please anybody."

Pleasing people does have its limits. "I'm game for anything," Karen says, "so long as it's not too bizarre—and it's with a man. There's nothing wrong with anything, so long as it's your trip. But, when I hear, like, 'I know these five chicks . . . and somebody's trying to get together a thing like that, forget it. That isn't for me.'"

Musically, Karen thinks rock is drifting and "there's got to be some drastic change." With all the super-groups breaking up, she thinks some totally new scene may emerge. Exactly what, she can't guess. "But I'll just kind of get into it, whatever it is."

Five-foot-three, blue eyes, sandy hair, 25 years old—but the very first thing you notice about Anna is that she wears a gold ring in her nose (put there, a year and a half ago, by a medical student who was making money on the side by piercing ears—he was then planning to get into abortions—but had never pierced a nose. "It hurt," says Anna.)

Anna is a San Francisco chick, originally from Milwaukee, who used to live with a band back home, then gravitated to Chicago and then to San Francisco, the better to be near the greatest number of musicians. One of the founders of a Haight-Ashbury boutique called Mom's Apple Grave, with deals in men's fashions—avant garde items of the sort favored by many rock bands, English bands in particular—she designs many of them, which gives her a certain sense of fulfillment. (Anna predicts that by summer fringed satin shirts will be on everybody worth knowing.)

With Anna, social life generally revolves around whatever band is in town. She knows music. Anna can rap for hours on the comparative merits of Paul Butterfield vs. Steve Miller, for instance. (Back during her Chicago period she was a fixture at Big John's, and thinks Miller was much more together than Butterfield.) Anna has her preferences.

If Anna could have any musician in the world to spend some time with, who would she choose?

It would be an honor to, um . . . It would be enough just to be sexually involved with someone like John Lennon. It would be very flattering to have him even notice me. Or with any of the Beatles it would be. I'm sure it would be amazing. They're ahead of the world right now. They started everything. And, like Eric Clapton would be fantastic to know for any length of time in any capacity. That would be groovy, too. But there isn't any ultimate, there isn't any one musician . . . When Hendrix was in town, the very first time I saw him, I knew what was going to happen and that was the freakiest thing. I saw the whole thing just spin before me. I knew that I was going to be sexually involved with the group and that I would know them and that it would be for a length of time. That was just freaky, the whole thing. I think it was such a strong animal attraction.

What personal satisfaction is there in it for you—being identified with various rock stars?

It's nice when people come into the store now and mention so-and-so is coming into town and you can just drop a bomb on them, you know. Like you say I'm gonna ball so-and-so. And later on, that person comes to town and they go backstage and there you are. It's kinda fun. It's like I told you so. Those are games. Those are beautiful, beautiful, fun games . . . Some of the limelight is on you, too. You're in the room. You're involved . . . Spending three or four days with a person, you, uh . . . under those circumstances, meals are served on carts and photographs are constantly being taken and you can leech off that feeling and it's a gas.

Do you feel that it's enough for you just to be friends with a band guy—just to know him—or that your impact on him is not complete unless you ball him?

When you first meet them you just have to get that out of the way. I think you have the feeling that if you don't get into something sexual with them, what are they going to bother with you for?

Is that really the case, though?

Yes. It is. If a chick was really that beautiful, she'd be, I mean offended if he didn't come on to her sexually. But with me, after that initial time, being sexually involved with him, I would or I wouldn't see him again, depending on how I feel . . . With me it's usually a personal relationship. But whatever comes up comes up. You likely have to go with it. I don't get involved in all those scenes because of my own personal taste. There are all sorts of scenes—though they're not the ordinary—with two people, three people, seven people. But that's not for me . . . A guy in a band can handle two or three chicks in a night. They tie up a suite of rooms and there can be like one thing happening here and something happening in that one . . . That's why a lot of hotels don't allow groups in. They know what's going on. All these people in garish, outlandish clothing and carrying on all night.

What impresses you most about a musician?

ANNA



I'm very physical. That's a very heavy trip with me, a person's body. An entertainer's body.

The guy who gives a good impression on stage—is he necessarily a good lover?

The ones I've met are. Usually. Depending on how . . . Well, drugs have a lot to do with it. That's different. It's a whole different thing when you get that wiped out with someone. It's pretty intimate. Very easy to be just very relaxed. It's such a forced situation. You've got three days, you've got two days. It's a rush. Drugs kind of help the whole scene and kind of like make reality, um . . . So many hours and it's um—over.

What role do drugs play in the whole scene?

It's something they're exposed to all the time, it's very important. It's a way

of escaping from being gone from home. They really do get lonesome and homesick. That may seem schmaltzy but it happens all the time. Especially when are in the top position and they have great fame—then it's very unhappy for them . . . Groupies are bound to have gotten into vast amounts of drugs. You get into a hotel and a situation in an elevator where you look kind of frumpy and it's, uh, eleven in the morning, and you walk out to a limo and you got all these straight, wealthy people watching as you leave the Hilton, and they're sneering and giggling and laughing, and you run through that whole trip, and if you can't handle it, it becomes very ugly, particularly if you're on LSD. You learn very fast . . . And a lot of groups are into not only drugs, they're into a really

heavy booze scene. They really, really get stoned out.

Do they expect you to stay stoned with them?

Yes. And I want to. Otherwise, I'd like be falling asleep or something while they're like tripping out on acid for three days. Also, I like bringing them presents like that. It's hard for them to get it sometimes. They don't want to go out for it themselves. So people lay stuff on them and turn on with them . . . Often you can do them enormous favors. Like turn them onto a girl friend who you know will ball the shit out of them. In a good way. And won't make an ass of herself. It's a nice thing to do for someone . . . It's like turning people from out of town onto good things in your area. That's a big part of it.

It seems a punishing way of life—to have so few lasting relationships.

Yeah, yeah. I agree. Even when you do . . . I mean, I've lived with musicians for awhile . . . They have like one dream and that's to make it absolutely to the top. Big as they could possibly make it. How could they possibly be involved with a chick, too? You just have to take the little bit that they can give you . . . There are so many chicks getting used. And it's definitely their own fault. They should never let it happen. I mean, at least get a good meal out of it, to be basic and realistic about it. Chicks just feel like, oh, it's groovy to sleep with everybody, and, like, he's so good. You ask them if you dig him so much why isn't there some friendship? Why is it just a basic, um . . . Well, maybe I'm just narrow-minded about it but these girls are getting just absolutely nothing out of it. They're just a very heavy chick, you know, groovy looking, and they think maybe they'll meet someone possibly. But I find that most of the girls don't want that commitment of belonging to somebody, or that basic involvement. I mean, if you want to sleep with a lot of people, I can dig it. I can understand it. Because I do it, too. I have done it. But at least be down to earth enough to get a little bread out of it, or, uh, something to eat or some way to live if you don't have any money.

You have had an old man at the same time you've gone out to spend three or four nights with a band member?

Yeah.

You spend the whole time with the travelling cat?

Yeah.

Then do you come back and rap about the scene with your old man?

Yeah, I can. I have been able to. Like I said, the old man is a musician, he's involved in the same scene. They're into a similar type experience, and want to know what kind of scene it is, what's happening. I don't get down to how good he was.

I'm sure it must matter some, but not enough to get in an argument about . . . It's very, very, very groovy if two people can just forget that sex really means nothing when it is just sex. Love and sex don't go together. And like if you can look at it for that then you can groove watching the person you love making love with someone else. And like I feel that a lot of people here are put in situations where that does happen. And then your life goes on from there. The people I've met just are not possessive.

Don't you feel your own kind of jealousy if somebody you're living with is balling somebody else?

I know from my own personal thing, when it first happens and they've gone out and slept with a groupie or something, um, I'm initially hurt. You know. Mostly it's just female pride, you know. "Well, I was there—why did you . . . ?" But what does it amount to—nothing. If I just let that initial feeling cool down a little bit, like my mind just reasons it out. And see it for what it really was, rather than what you'd like to think it was, you know: blow it into something just enormous, and pity yourself. You know, who cares? It doesn't amount to anything. Very little.

It doesn't even bother you if he's on tour and you know there are lots of chicks out there?

In the beginning that bothered me a lot, where I really cared for the person. Usually I'd been involved in enough that I could more or less keep up with whatever kind of stories he had to tell. After awhile I just like hoped he ran across enough groovy chicks. That they were with someone who'd care after their health and welfare as much as I do.

—Continued from Preceding Page

very little—to do with giving or sharing, so far as they're concerned. It's maddening, really. It's why I cannot wait, cannot wait, to get home."

Steve Miller disagrees.

"Some groupies are kinda burning themselves out, they live so fast and hard, but there's a beauty in that that you don't find in normal people," Miller says. "They're a little unusual because they don't want any lengthy relationships with other people, but I don't want them myself, so I get along with groupies fine. A lot of groupie chicks are stone cold crazy, but they're good lays. It's true they're on a whole fantasy trip—and maybe they never really see you through the fantasy—but that's groovy. Most rock and roll people are on a fantasy trip anyway, so it's natural that musicians and groupies are drawn together. They're the same kind of people."

"The sexual thing is really it, you know. I don't have an old lady, so I've always got my eyes open. All single people are always looking to get laid, anyway."

An unorthodox ethic—by middle class standards—prevails in the relationship between many musicians and their old ladies. Unorthodox but practical and firmly adhered to. Bob Hite, Canned Heat's rotund lead singer, lives by it. "When I'm home here in Los Angeles," he says, "I don't have anything to do with these groupie chicks. I got an old lady I don't want to lose, and I stick with her. But when you're on the road, you're gonna get laid, right? My old lady understands that and it's cool as far as she's concerned—while I'm on the road."

"And when you're on the road you got to have some of that. Like when the band's been on the road for three weeks or more, you get tired and you get irritable. We'll have fights, you know? Not real fights, but arguments over stupid little bullshit things that don't matter. It's the tension of the road, man. Groupies relieve that tension. You get laid and it's cool. You don't feel like hasslin' anybody."

But Hite makes it clear that most of the time, groupies hold little interest for him. "Most of them are into a big giggly-giggly trip. All they got to tell you is how they balled this guy last week, that guy the week before and about this party they were at where Jimi Hendrix o.d'ed or some such bullshit. The only reason to deal with them is after three weeks from home you get horny."

Similarly, managers are of two minds about groupies. They want their musicians happy, and aren't sure that groupies are the happiest alternative. "Who needs groupies?" says Stu Kutchins of the Youngbloods. "The only thing they're any good for is relieving tensions and picking up a dose of clap." The VD Center is at 33 Hunt street in San Francisco, an address every wise groupie knows and visits with some regularity. "Most fellows are nice enough to tell you," says one, "but it's better to be safe than sorry. And, like, I don't want to pass a dose on to anybody else."

Sally: If I'm going to ball someone, clap is just not something to worry about. There are ways to take care of it. I had the clap once and it's nothing to get uptight about if you know what to do.

John Walker of It's a Beautiful Day says the trouble with groupies is "it's impossible to identify with people—with groupies—when they don't see you as a person. You're almost a god image and they don't see the person inside that. Communication with groupies is weird. But the sex thing is understandable: it's giving to people you love." It's A Beautiful Day, its first Columbia LP still unreleased, hardly qualifies as a nationally prominent band, yet even a band of its stature has its problems with groupies. "You come home," Walker explains, "and there's fifteen people waiting there for you. You don't know them and they didn't get to know you by the time they leave, most of them, but they're good people who have been turned on by your music and want to be with you. They come and stay four days, five days, and leave. It's funny, most never say anything. Nothing. So you have this feeling that they just came so they could go back to their friends and say, like, 'Guess who I spent the week-end with?'"

Michael Bloomfield: "They just want to talk to the cat, see where he's at, watch him do his thing and the only way they can do it is to give him something. And the only thing most of them have to offer is their cunts." Chicks call Bloomfield all the time asking whether they can come over and visit. Many times he'll say fine, only to have a bad memory stir in his brain after he's off the phone, and then spend hours hiding in his room. "It's just that I have nothing to say to them and no time to waste on all that bullshit."

Eric Clapton once said that having all these chicks eager to ball him gave him a sense of power. The realization that it wasn't even "your body or your face they wanted to make love to, but your name," changed his mind.

Q: What attracted you to the music? Or was it just the idea of rock and roll?

Anna: It was a facial thing, a visual thing, then. I'm sure I couldn't tell, in the early days, whether he was playing what guitar, rhythm, lead, bass. It was the visual attraction. But then like I progressed with the music that was being played. You have to be keyed to them, whether it's good or bad. I could never be attracted to a group that I thought was making asses of themselves on stage . . . I mean, I look at pictures, too. That's enough. Posters and record jackets. And I think wow, I wonder how he handles himself on stage, and you think, like, maybe he'd be groovy to know.



Most groupies find Englishmen superior to Americans in every way. The feeling is often reciprocal. "Some of the nicest people you meet are groupies," Jimmy Page feels. "Because if they weren't there it would be pretty deary for a lot of English musicians. You'd sit around the hotel, you know, waiting for the gig to start. There are groupies and there are groupies, but a lot of them make you feel at home."

"Most of the English guys who come here are married," says Page, who isn't, "and their interest in the girls is simply a matter of finding release. There are a few guys who take groupie chicks seriously, but that's a mistake, isn't it. Most of the groupies are only concerned with who's the best ball." Do they tell Page who's been their best lay? "Certainly." What name comes up most often? "Oh," Page laughs, "they all say I'm the best."

American chicks are more aggressive than British girls by all accounts. "But that isn't necessarily bad," says Page. "Nothing wrong with it, especially if a bloke's a bit shy—I am—then it's helpful that you don't have to put out all those lines. They do it instead. And you've still got the choice, you know."

Sunshine: English guys are not beyond two girls at a time. They're not beyond anything they might want to try. American guys are very conservative. An Englishman at 19 is as mature as an American at 26—or 27. I think that's because most Englishmen are broken in by older women. They don't fumble into it, they learn it right. They're gentle, never pushy. Englishmen, a lot of them are bi-sexual. They're not hung up. I know a lot of them who have slept with men to see what it was like. American men are constantly trying to prove their virility. They won't wear lace shirts or anything like that. They don't realize that there isn't a woman in the world who can't be had by a man who knows he's a man.

Anna: Englishmen are terrific lovers. Their sole thing is to please a woman; not to get it over with. American men are always in a hurry. Englishmen are really far-out lovers. They know they are, even. When they've been touring the country for a while, they'll even say, "I've had a lot of American chicks tell me I'm a good lover," and they want to know why. They want to know what American men are like and why there's a difference. One guy told me that it's different with Englishmen because it's like a mother thing, so you treat women with more respect—women are an important part of a man's life and women there aren't dominating like they are in America, you know. American men don't care if the woman is happy or satisfied. Englishmen are totally different. They're taking their time. It's more of a togetherness. With American men, sex is so free; it's ugly. I just don't get involved with it. It isn't worth it.

There are also added benefits:

Sunshine: There isn't an Englishman who doesn't know about amyl nitrate. Its medical use is for people who have heart attacks. It's legal at any drugstore. What they do is pop an amyl nitrate at the strategic moment in bed. It stimulates a climax, brings you up like a rocket. All it does is heighten the trip. Movie stars used to use them that way.

(Amyl nitrate dilates the blood vessels of the heart—this is why it is used by heart patients—and in the process, blood flow to the brain is increased, heightening whatever emotional experience the user is going through. "It is a potentially dangerous habit," according to one doctor because of the possibility of a marked drop in blood pressure.)

At least during the late 1968 and early 1969 season, the young English musicians are the cat's meow. In part this is due to the resurgence in popularity of the English touring groups in this country, the largest since the Dave Clark/Herman's Hermits era, and perhaps it is even the same girls, only now weaned from screaming and fainting ways into more sophisticated pursuits. The Clapton/Bruce/Baker trio led the way for such latter day modish figures as Jeff Beck, Rod Stewart, Noel Redding, Terry Reid and company.

"With a lot of chicks," one girl confides, "they see these young English bands and the scene is, come on little boy, let me make a man of you. It's a nice fantasy, though you know he balled three chicks last night, two the night before, and he's going to get a dozen before he's left town."

The attraction of the Englishmen is part myth, part fantasy and part truth. In one sense, it is the old greener grass syndrome, and across the Atlantic is definitely as good as on the other side of the fence.

The myth too is important: Americans, members of the democratic, classless society have always been intimidated by "classes" and traditionally Americans regard anything British as having class, even East End and Cockney goods. A British accent just has that certain sexy edge.

The truth is illustrated by a scene from inside New York's smoke and cement filled club called the Scene, a veritable groupie heaven. This club, right off the dirty-bookstore strip on Broadway is about the only thing in town open for weird looking people after 2:00 A.M., other than Max's Kansas City (a much more literary type hangout).

All visiting and touring musicians at least spend one night hanging around the after-hours club. Groupies know it and inhabit the place in legion. You can sit and clearly watch "the patterns they're weaving." Thus also you can watch the musicians.

Jeff Beck and most of his group, accompanied by managers and entourage with New York super groupie Jenny Dean on his arm, swirl into the club, closely followed by Jimi Hendrix Experience bass-player Noel Redding and two or three other cats who look like somebody. Steppenwolf, an American group, are also there. But the various Englishmen act as if they own the place, loudly carousing or satisfaction-ly holding court at three tables simultaneously. On the other hand, Steppenwolf which is a reasonably "big" group by virtue of hit singles and all that, look lonely. In fact, one or two of them are wandering around in that tentative search for someone to behave like they recognize who we are.

But the scene belongs to Jeff Beck, et al, for whatever reasons may be. And that is the story.

So the chick makes it backstage. She's got her rap all set. She's dressed as outlandish/sexy as possible. Usually there's something striking about her makeup—they've all got something to set themselves off. And they're all quiet at first, unless they know the band. They stand back in a corner or across the room and observe their prey, listening for everything he says, trying to pick up scraps of conversation, vibrations, so when finally he ventures a word in their direction, they'll say the perfect thing, blow his mind, be his baby tonight.

"You come on pretty strong and either you win or you lose. I am aggressive, always have been. That helps an awful lot."

Depending on how big the attraction is, the room is full with these girls, each with her own pose. Except that there's all these bodies, what happens seems almost invisible, it happens so imperceptibly. The girls—except for the ones who've connected and are rapping with various cats—stand and sit here and there all around the room, listening, not saying anything, listening, eyes tracing every hint of action.

"It's wild backstage," says one groupie. "But you flash on these great memories. Like you've been eyeing a guy and he comes over to talk with you. It's just so neat. All those other chicks—and he fancies you."

It was extraordinary to count fully 13 girls like this (not counting the ones who were with somebody) jammed into the plain concrete-and-pipe backstage at Fillmore West recently when Jeff Beck was there. The hushed room was electric and intensely claustrophobic under the frantic, if silent, cumulative ego-push they exuded. (Small wonder that some bands not infrequently order everybody out of their dressing room). Beck already had plans made, wasn't apparently interested in these chicks, said nothing to them, they said nothing to him, and he departed alone to see a girl he knew from before.

Backstage is the battleground of groupie-dom. They converge, colors flying, literally by the dozens when somebody like Jimi Hendrix or Cream (remember when?) are on, and the first obstacle is the ballroom's or club's guard at the backstage entrance. It's a real challenge getting by him, unless a chick is extraordinarily beautiful or special looking, or has some real business getting in there.

Kip Cohen, manager of the Fillmore East says "We run the stage pretty tight and we really don't have that many problems. In other words, a groupie can't really get backstage here—not just a freelance groupie—unless she's attached to a group. Then, we run into certain problems backstage in the halls and dressing rooms. One of our security guards was once offered a free fuck on the fire escape if he would let the groupie in afterward, but this sort of thing rarely happens."

"It's the English groups that are the worst. They attract the most extraordinary looking groupies in the world. There's definitely a run on black groupies this season, for some reason. Ultra Violet (one of Andy Warhol's superstars) somehow manages to get backstage in spite of everything every week. She's with David Clayton Thomas (of Blood, Sweat and Tears) now. The Joshua Light Show had a fantastic groupie who ended up keeping house for them in their dressing room, cooking and serving food. She was an incredible looking spade chick like six feet tall with a blonde wig. Her name was Charlene."


Jenny Dean was here this weekend. She's Terry Reid's old lady now. She brought down every musician in the world on the East Coast to see Terry here this weekend. But she's nice. I think that in her head, she says, 'Okay, I'm a groupie. That's my scene. I'll be as cool about it as I can to get as much as I possibly can.' And with that sort of respect, it works out okay."

Lacy: All these people backstage, all the egos crashing around. Plus, everybody's so stoned it makes it all the weirder.

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Backstage scenes vary from city to city, club to club, concert to concert. They are all veritable *beehives* of activity and motion. The Scene Club in New York is an entire backstage, strategems barely piercing the smoke-laden atmosphere and then bouncing round and forth off of the cement pillars and abutments that clutter the club.

"Visiting musicians love the Scene," according to a New York record exec, "it's the place in New York City where they feel most comfortable. Because of the late-night jams almost every night and because of the way they're treated there. The general audience—myself included—don't like the Scene because it's uncomfortable: the chairs are uncomfortable, the volume is uncomfortable, the service is uncomfortable, the prices are uncomfortable, and the people are uncomfortable. It's a seedy place, and no one really wants to bring his girl there."

"But musicians' comforts are based on a different set of standards: simply as to how they're accepted. They're not called freaks there, can go to hear good music, and be treated like they're the important people there."

One girl who hangs around the Record Plant and other recording studios, she doing such odd jobs as setting up microphones and sweeping the floors of the studio for her keep raves: "You wouldn't believe the conversation in the Ladies room! All about who've you made it with, how long was it, how many times a night—wow!"

A stitch in time saves nine, and the most successful groupie is the one who makes contact with the boys in band well ahead of show time. This is not always possible in the case of groups or performers in town for just a single show. But the main targets are in town for a week end or a week, and they've got to be staying somewhere. It's not hard to find out where that somewhere is: the groupie grapevine calls on such data handlers as record companies, press flacks, radio stations, hotel clerks, disc jockeys and the whole crew.

If in New York, it's likely to be the Chelsea or Albert Hotels for a group on a medium budget tour; the higher-priced performers often wind up at the Hilton (like Janis Joplin or Jimi Hendrix) and the highest priced will be at any number of the much more refined hosteleries.

In Los Angeles, there is the dreary Hollywood Hawaiian or Continental and Tropicana Motels, distinguished only by their proximity to Hollywood recording activities and willingness to accept the freak trade. The Landmark is also a rock inn, and there are the more expensive spreads: the quiet and pleasant Chateau Marmonte, a French-flavored residence hotel to be settled into by the week or the month. If you are Eric Clapton on your farewell tour, you can get the \$50-a-day-and-up private cottages at the Beverly Hills Hotel. What is even better are the dozens of private houses available at excessively expensive rates by the week. They are tucked into the hills among the crawling roads and are a groupie's despair, because, who knows which one out of the thousands, no phones, clerks or addresses. They come in the neighborhood of several hundred dollars a week and are really for the likes of those artists who are out of reach of the groupies anyway.

In San Francisco, the Continental is a ever-popular spot, just a few minutes' drive to either Avalon or the Carousel Ballrooms, and again an establishment with a management willing to tolerate the travails of the rock and roll trade. The more leisure-oriented musicians often wind up in Sausalito either at the Alta Mira, a Spanish style manse set into the hillside or the Sausalito Inn, right off the main square, with about two dozen suites each named something like the "Prince Charles Room," the "Queen Anne Suite," and so on.

Anna: A girl has got to use her head. Like if the Moody Blues are playing at the Fillmore and it's their first night in America, get there the first night. Get right into them, and like if you're a decent person, every time they're in San Francisco they'll want to see you. Okay, like, where are they flying from? Find out first whether they're coming from New York or straight from London. Or if it's an American group, find out if they've played here often, or if they're going to get involved. How involved will they be? You can figure that out standing on the side.

The San Francisco contingent of Sunshine, Judy and The Twins went through an amusing strategy session to plot out how to meet Moody Blues. They met in mock seriousness at Sunshine's house, where publicity photos and record jackets of Moody Blues were spread out on the kitchen table. The girls studied the faces long and hard. "He looks like such a gentle cat." "This one looks so mature." "He's mine." "Oh—he's a Libra." In the end, they decided exactly how they'd pair off with the band. It didn't work out precisely that way, but it did, the girls say, work out.

"Backstage, your mind is on the music," says Steve Miller. "You can't be bothered with all these ego scenes with all these chicks. I can't stand all these people just sitting around saying nothing. It's like a high school dance scene. I want people to be up front. If the dressing room is full of chicks like that, I just clear them out, empty the room. I can't be bothered."

One way to a musician's pants is through his head, that is to say, supplying him with dope. Like, completely out of the blue, one of these girls will hand a musician a lid or slip him a dozen joints. Why? Just because. Dope is so important that the scene wouldn't be the same without it. A lot of the chicks are connections for the bands and only matter to them in that way. It's dangerous to travel with quantities of

dope, especially across state and international lines, so they count on friendly people in every city to turn them on, and in most cases it is the chicks. For many of them, it goes beyond a lid or a dozen joints; many of the full-time girls are dealers and support themselves in that way.

It is four o'clock in the morning and they are alone now in a hotel room which neither of them have seen before. For that matter, he has never seen her before in his whole life before tonight, and she has never seen him in the flesh, though she knows his records word for word and has seen dozens of photos of him. *There were 15 other girls backstage trying to hit on him and he chose me*, she is thinking.

Wow! Since his set ended at one o'clock they have shared a couple of pills, and gone to a draggy party where a new set of chicks had tried to hit on him, and downed two glasses of wine apiece, and taken a cab to his hotel, and gone to one of his musicians' rooms, rapped with the small assemblage there while the hash pipe was passed, a three-way act was going on in the bedroom and that was groovy, everybody sort of took turns watching, and then room service brought coffee and eclairs, and then they had gone to his room, just the two of them, and she had given him a massage, head to foot, like that cat in that L.A. band had showed her a couple of months ago—everybody dug that.

One time I just had to call someone from the hotel—tell somebody so somebody would know, and I just said it out loud, I said, "Gee, I really would like to call someone," and the guy I was with just said, "Never mind, they won't believe you anyway." He was just saying, like, they'll never believe you're with me. I called Linda and said, "Oh, you'll never guess where I am; I'm in, you know, this bed." He must have heard a million chicks say that. It is far out.

He is above her, doing that thing, getting it, they are really working out. Because of the dope, it will be better than life itself and it will last until dawn or exhaustion. Wow! He's telling her all this dirty sweet bullshit in her ear, and damn, can't remember her name. She's thinking, like, he's good, but he's not great, he's just about as good as I thought, he's nothing compared to Dave—Jesus, Dave—or any of those British cats.

If she's really lucky, he might send her a postcard later on.

It was all different four years ago during the earliest Yardbirds tours, according to Beck. "It was all a teeny-bopper scene then, with all these screaming chicks who would just come for the music, mainly, and just scream. That's all they did. For the most part. And sometimes older women—strange chicks in their 30s—would try to pull us. But now the scene has changed completely. Completely. Maybe groupies are in reality grown-up groupies, I don't know."

Anna: The chicks can do that now. They can find out from the equipment man: *Where are you staying, please tell me where you're staying.* And you find out the room numbers, the hotel—there is nothing to keep you from going over to the hotel. When I found that out, it blew my mind. When I found out how easy it is to get to them!

The odd part about it, from the musician's standpoint, is that it's a complete reversal of the traditional male-female relationship, wherein the male sees a female he digs and sets out after her. In the rock world, chicks have heard all the records, studied all the photos on the album cover, read all the fan magazine garbage, know as much as is public about the musician/star before-hand, see him on stage, dig the way he moves, sings, handles himself, his expressions, his clothes—it's surprising the extent that attire plays in turning on the girls of rock—one reason why British bands often score better—and the chick has built up layer upon layer of fantasy and socio-sexual energy before she even approaches her quest.

And it is she who approaches him, she who places herself in the dressingroom or hotel room. She has decided he's worth the trouble. He has decided nothing. Except that here's this chick, um, she looks pretty funky, yeah, christ yes nice body, pretty eyes, blue eyes, umm, bet she's dumber than living shit—feeling a little horny anyway—got my reputation to keep up—wonder if she's got any dope?

And often as not it's the girl who makes the first bit of conversation. "I mean if you don't say something why should he say anything to you?" explains Sunshine. "You don't want to come on too strong, but you do want to know the cat."

Henri: The major fuck-up on the part of most groupie chicks comes at the point they forget that no matter what goes down they're still women. The same double standard exists in rock society as in the society as a whole. A man may shed every vestige of self-respect and still retain the respect of society because, after all, he is still a man. Not so for a woman.

Q: Why did you pick professional musicians instead of say the Chicago White Sox or professional athletes?

Anna: I'm sure that it's the fact that they're on stage, lights are on, and they're involved so deeply. They're like gods. It's like the same feeling that girls got about movie stars. Look who they are. Look at how much money they've accumulated, how young they are. All the places they've seen... Every era has its gods—the ones that are worshipped by the female masses, and envied by the male masses, and rock stars, in this particular decade, have been on top of everything. They can have anything they want. Now they're in-

troduced to royalty; they're given fantastic awards and achievements. It's quite an honor. They're put on the best TV shows, given prime time. People are constantly taking pictures of them. Why shouldn't they? They should be spoiled beyond belief. Look where they are. Why should they have to tolerate anything. That's the way it is and the sooner you accept that the better off you are... You're there three or four days, waited on hand and foot, and there's just all the dope and food you can eat, and all the people paying attention to you and your lover, it's very beautiful. I mean, you can go months in between, and live off just those few things. Especially as you get up into the really far-out groups.

Few groupies are truly beautiful girls—though obviously some are. But all the most successful are striking in appearance—every one has some little filip of makeup, a line under the eye, flowers painted on the cheek, frizzed out hair, something to distinguish herself from all the others—so many others. "I have nothing going," says Anna, "except maybe if I open my mouth they'll dig it." Except for the extraordinarily stunning groupie, that's where it's at.

If the girl connects, what kind of relationship should she expect? "The emphasis," says Henri, "is on freedom of self. She and her old man get along fine and the scene is cool. When that ends, the relationship is over. It's mutual trust or nothing."

It's never a secure thing. "You shouldn't expect security from relationships like that," says Anna. "The fear of other women is a very great thing. Because the younger ones are extremely brazen. They come on so strong with whoever you're involved with. They're very possessive, they don't know any better. It's like watching a young child pouting. The young ones are really far-out. They're so aggressive. And hostile."

Though every girl who's been on the scene for any length of time knows that the music comes first and emotional attachments second—a distant second—where most musicians are concerned, their common dream is that one of the Real Heavies will sweep them off their feet, whisk them off to a vine-covered cottage (preferably in Berkshire or Northern Scotland) and live happily ever after.

Sunshine: The only guy I could be happy married to is a musician.

Karen: It doesn't have to be a musician that I marry—but after going out with all these supermen—just really super people—I can't see myself, for the rest of my life, walking down the street next to a plumber.

Marriage does not often dim the musician's free spirit. He is constantly being hit on by groupies, and bailing his share. Everybody is getting stoned in a dressing room far from home and it can't matter, if the relationship is to last, that somebody's old man is making it with somebody else's old lady. Not if everybody's happy, and usually they are.

"But sometimes," says Henri, "it's difficult to be happy knowing that each time he comes home from a tour, he will probably have something wrong with him that was okay when he left. Then it's up to you to put him back together again in time for the next tour or session. If your thing is pretty together you have a chance of making it."

But it's hard to build anything lasting in these circumstances, and the list of rock musicians who have been happily united with one chick (old man-old lady or married) for more than a couple of years is not very long.

Lacy: In a lot of cases, it's a one-night stand. There's no way a cat can respect you when it's a one-night stand.

Anna: The first couple of times I was with someone, it was very hard to handle when they left. It was like I'll never do it again. I had allowed myself to care too much. It often happens that they split before you wake up. Or you wake up and it's like fifty people in the room and they're all going out the door saying goodbye and you're still in bed. It does happen.

*She's home alone, she's lost another one,
Met him yesterday now he's already gone,
And though tonight she'll swear it was the last time,*

*A smiling face will come that knows the right line,
And then she'll do all the right things with the wrong guy,*

And when he's gone next day she'll sit and wonder why.

*She doesn't know why she's everybody's next one
Cause she's afraid that the truth is gonna hurt some,*

*All the pity in the world ain't gonna help none
She has to realize that to keep one her ways have to change some.*

"Everybody's Next One," Steppenwolf

Karen: I saw *Romeo and Juliet* at the movie the other day and afterward I decided there is no Romeo... I'm sick of being hurt. You keep thinking somebody is going to come and sweep you up and carry you away.

Q: If you had it all to do over again?

Lacy: Oh no! Well, but... I had some very very memorable experiences that were groovy. If I were doing it again, I would do it, but just cut out all the bullshit.

Sally: It's a life with a lot of pain, being a groupie. People just leave you, always leaving you, leaving you. Most people think, well, maybe he'll take me with him. I'm not going to get into that again.



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Get KAK. Before KAK Gets You.

Soon after the Beginning, the Electric Sailor guided KAK into the California sunshine clearing where the instruments waited. As the planets turned through the Bryte 'N' Clear Day, the Golgotha/Mirage/Rain Trieulogy was born. A tambourine hung vibrating in the air. The sitar and tabla sung a Lemonade Kid raga.

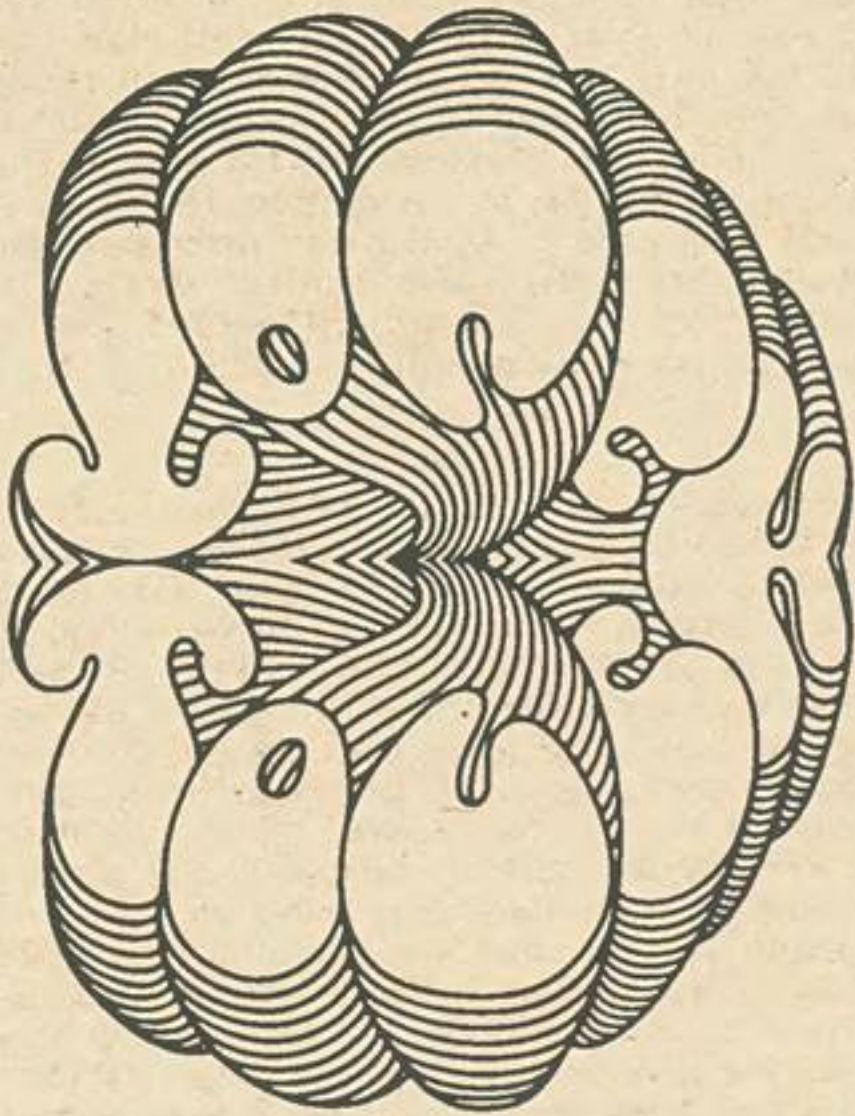
Many mushrooms later, KAK walked into the age of Aquarius with its visions etched in black wax. "I think it's safe to say we've created a monster," KAK said. "You're pretty scary all right," said the Electric Sailor, Flowing By.

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Who Knows Where the Time Goes, Judy Collins (Elektra EKS 74033).

Judy Collins' recording career in folk and folk-rock music has been a sporadic but inevitably forward-directed continuum. Her first two albums are generally considered drab and unexciting. *With Judy Collins No. 3* followed by the concert album and the discovery of the topical song in an accompanied arrangement, Collins first gained her now wide following of appreciators.

The *Fifth Album* and *In My Life* brought the artist through a period of full orchestration, the choosing of popular, theatrical, and proto-new-rock material and, finally, introspection. It was this last element of self-expression which, along with Leonard Cohen's down but effective poetry, Collins took into *Wildflowers*—an album so pessimistic in overall tone as to depress the most manic listener.

So we awaken to *Who Knows Where the Time Goes*—the newest potpourri of eclectic choice in the Collins collection. It fulfills every necessary condition for being a commercial success by synthesizing the mood of the so-called music of "now."

The album begins with a celebration of life and ends with an explication of death. Contrary to popular belief there are as many as two up songs on the record.

"Hello, Hooray" is about cyclic perpetuation of the spirit of life. The medium provides the message in that the soft-toned intro to the song, which presents imagery of the pre-performance stage, says "dim the lights and let the show begin"—that's the "hello." The "hooray" part is begun with pulsing, full accompaniment: we must celebrate as life and love begins and begins and begins. The phrase "Each one an actor, Each one a play" is a new-music cliché, suggested extensively in "Penny Lane" and "Dress Rehearsal Rag."

The first of three different, consecutive instances of a *father* in the album as a carrier of imagery comes in Cohen's "Song of Isaac." In its simple vocabulary it retells the Biblical incident from the child's point of view. Convoluted harpsichord patterns enhance a recorder-suited melody but also make for a redundant accompaniment.

"My Father" is the singer's own poignant recollections of childhood. The ensemble accompaniment is complementary in the creation of a mood of cry-worthy nostalgia. A father also appears in Ian Tyson's "Some Day Soon." I don't understand why Collins found it necessary to modify original syntax and modernize some of the composer's more colorful words: i.e., "toughest road to hoe" to "toughest road I know." After repeated listenings one can adjust to this country-western version of a song from an age when Ian and Sylvia were incapable of doing anything musically wrong.

With the title song, Collins has recommended to us the name Sandy Denny out of anonymity. The classic guitar riff after the first chorus and the impressive tempo shift thereafter warm my heart terribly, as does Steven Stills' brief double-stop descending riff during the tag on "First Boy I Loved." In fact, while we're on it the accompanying personnel and producer are worthy of praise throughout for their combined taste and technicianship.

"Poor Immigrant" comes off with a cohesive melody which Dylan's own version does not so clearly provide. But somehow, Collins, in exactly the same way she could not convey the degeneracy of "Tom Thumb's Blues," does not carry off the description of the immigrant's evilness. Barring content, the piece comes out a passable country-western ballad.

Conversely, "Bird on the Wire" is most forceful in combining its apropos albeit uniquely Leonard Cohen-flavored words with a country-western base. It's real solid synthetic-Nashville soul.

Those of us who identified with Robin Williamson when he sang "First Girl I Loved" on *The 5000 Spirits* might have a hard time forgiving Judy Collins for the emasculating word changes in her version. Here, the female narrator is the dominant one—a travelling guitarist; the sweet man's woman—who initiates a sentimental but prohibitive farewell to her first love. It's rough on the libido, folks, but stick with it. The new, solid rhythms and inventive, teasing melody variations are without comparison.

Having reaffirmed life, religion, emotion, hope for the future and reassessment of the past, Collins concludes with an attempt at ratification of the infinity of musical tradition with a centuries-old murder ballad, "Pretty Polly," which is updated by bluesy, rhythmical alteration.

That's the album. Was all that honest cynicism worth it? The pop conventions were manipulated here, but the nine tracks reveal new freshness and fluidity from Judy Collins. Try it out on your Victrola. Who knows. . .

STANLEY M. JAY



An American Music Band, The Electric Flag (Columbia CS 9714)

By now everyone involved knows of Mike Bloomfield's split with his briefly-celebrated Electric Flag and too, of the demise of the same soon after his departure. Buddy Miles has gone on to form his Express, taken a couple members of the Flag with him; Nick Gravenites is due to record a solo album for Columbia; Harvey Brooks led the ill-fated Cass Elliot band in Vegas; and the rest are off on their own somewhere. But the Bloomfield-less Flag have left something behind: a strange record dominated in part by Buddy Miles, in part by Harvey Brooks and in the final analysis, dominated most of all by the lack of Bloomfield himself.

On their first album, *A Long Time Comin'*, Bloomfield's spirit was indefatigable, the Flag was exciting; and although they weren't half as good on wax as they were in person (and who is, these days?) they communicated a vibrancy that had been sorely missing in blues-oriented rock bands. In an enthusiastic review of that first album I used the words "the New Soul Music, the synthesis of White Blues and Heavy Metal Rock." I really believed it. I hoped they had stumbled upon the direction we'd all been looking for. The dissolution of the Flag was regrettable. And their new album is a sad testament to their inability to stick it out, to hang on and build on that "slightly overwhelming" foundation.

The first part of the new album is just fine—old Flag arrangements done with more precision and balance than was present in their debut. "Soul Searchin'" is a soulful answer to Butterfield's "Screamin'" (*The Paul Butterfield Blues Band*), a high and mighty organ-drum bash designed to get everybody off their ass, that drifts, or really, crashes, into the intro for "Sonny" which was always in the Flag's repertoire, and on which Buddy Miles distinguishes himself as the sweet vocalist he can be on occasion. Herbie Rich's solo is magnificent and well-controlled, something that had been lacking in earlier performances.

Stemsy Hunter, the first replacement for Peter Strazza, does the singing on "With Time There Is Change" but somehow misses the point. His voice just isn't up to carrying off Harvey Brooks' jazzy arrangement. "Nothing To Do" is a soft and mellow track featuring Gravenites' vocal—if you dig his style you'll really like this. His asides and sustained pauses work as well as they were intended to. And Hoshal Wright, Bloom-

field's replacement, works some equally mellow magic on the guitar. He isn't really given much of a chance here, though. "See To Your Neighbor," another jumping exercise by Gravenites, closes the side admirably. Gravenites-penned numbers are instantly recognizable. He's really his own man.

Unfortunately, the second side just doesn't work the same. "Qualified," with an indecipherable vocal by Herbie Rich, just isn't fresh enough. It's too over-balanced, too LA, too many horns for this particular song, over-arranged, and, as a result, over-worked.

"Hey, Little Girl," by Gravenites, is the saving grace of the side. Rich does a neat little solo spin on organ—his versatility should be pointed out: he does a tenor solo on "Qualified" as well as the vocal. The band is extremely well-organized—everything is a little too overdone.

The other two cuts, "Mystery," with vocal by Miles, and "My Woman That Hangs Around The House," with vocal by Harvey Brooks—HARVEY BROOKS!!!!—really strain to make it. And with the help of top-heavy production—mostly the work of John Simon—they nearly do; or rather, are almost successfully disguised. "My Woman" is the least offensive—it doesn't hit the ear as hard. I thought it was Tony Bennett singing.

This album has a few noble moments, a few overdeveloped moments, and just enough Flag-nostalgia to make it worthwhile. Gravenites is still a gas.

BARRY GIFFORD



Tiny Tim's Second Album (Reprise RS 6323)

Tiny Tim, time will show, is one of the very few truly comic figures of our time. While there is no lack of satirists, parodists, sneerers, and just general complainers in all aspects of the media arts, Tiny Tim is the only clown of any relevance that comes to mind. There are some clowns such as Red Skelton or Jackie Gleason still around, but they are only partly comics; they are primarily comedians. And, they are not of this era. Tim is alone.

While Tiny Tim is as much a comic by what he is as by what he sings, his *Second Album* is a good way to enjoy him. His insanely versatile voice soars beyond the boundaries of style and gender. No song is safe from his fiery falsetto. He does a whole parcel of songs from the Thirties, Twenties and God-knows-what ranging from Gilbert and Sullivan-esque to proto-Four Seasons. He even does "Great Balls of Fire" and it's worth paying the album price to hear it.

But, despite his one rock song, Tiny Tim is certainly not a rock singer. He's not hip and he's only nebulously underground. In fact, it's kind of puzzling to a great many people why Tim would have any appeal to the underground scene at all. He loves his parents and their generation. He admires chastity. His heroes are baseball and hockey players. His audience is much more Las Vegas and Summer Music Tent than Fillmores or rock festivals. What is it?

It's possible he's no more than a grotesque freak who fills the Sands with Sta-Prest dudes who came to guffaw at his uncertain sexual affinities and his castrati-high voice. But, it seems that those fans are missing something.

This strangest of all pop figures is a revolutionary in spite of himself. He is Straight America carried to a very far absurd point. Tiny Tim doesn't have to tell you what's wrong with America. He is what's wrong with America. He is success-orientation and filial devotion run wild. He's the backfiring of the masculine-image syndrome.

While we can sneer and deride, Tiny Tim plays it straight and is devastating. When Frank Zappa satirizes a song or an era, he attacks it and rips it to shreds. Tiny Tim loves it to death and

is (perhaps) equally effective.

There are a couple of songs on the *Second Album* that are representative of the spirit of Tiny Tim as well as being thoroughly enjoyable.

The first is "Community," and it's a little hard to place. It might be English music hall, maybe vaudeville, or it might even have been written for Tiny Tim. It has elements of all. It's a march-tempo thing and it's not hard to imagine Tiny Tim leading a massed chorus of blonde broads in scanty Uncle Sam costumes while singing:

"I'm a very famous man in the community,
There's a river and a street that bear my name.
And I'm developing a marvelous immunity,
To anyone who doesn't know my name."

It's ludicrous, of course. But no more so than the concept of community spirit. And Tiny Tim is one of the few who can let themselves appear ludicrous and make it work.

The other cut is nostalgia at its best and easiest, "Neighborhood Children." Specifically, "What has become of the neighborhood children?" He sings of the kids he used to play ball with and trade Donald Duck comics with and do all the things kids used to do before they started getting wasted. It's an easy song to take because even though it deals with all the things and sentiments left out of hip thought and culture, it's Tiny Tim presenting it and not some embarrassingly drunken relative reminiscing too long and too late. And, the thing that makes him so easy to accept is the absurd thought of Tiny Tim as either a man of the community or a neighborhood kid.

It's Tiny Tim's absurdity, similar to that of a court jester, that allows us to listen to that which we couldn't any other way, and allows him the same impunity the kings gave their jesters. In this way, he makes us aware of that part of our musical past which, for reasons that are purely social, we'd just as soon ignore.

When you come right down to it, what can Tiny Tim do that he hasn't already done? Not too much, it appears from this album. But, on the other hand, maybe he doesn't feel the need to evolve musically, the way rock groups do. Tiny Tim has found, perhaps created, a musical place for himself that no one else even attempts to invade, so why change? There are, after all, thousands of old songs that he has yet to do. Maybe in ten years, if he lasts . . . but right now this is fine.

ALEC DUBRO



Two Jews Blues, Barry Goldberg and . . . (Buddah BDS-5029)

Barry Goldberg's second album is also Mike Bloomfield's latest recording. This record can be compared to *Super Session*, when Bloomfield got together with another Jewish organ player. Again Michael is heard on about half the album, doing some structured numbers and jamming. However, this album does not measure up to *Super Session* in execution or originality.

Part of *Two Jews Blues* was recorded down at Muscle Shoals, famous for its soul and blues recordings. Regardless, the result is not always first rate. The Soul Chorus Goldberg uses is poorly recorded—the voices could be quite effective if they were up front. Barry employs fade-outs as the easy way out. Sometimes they are so abrupt they are annoying.

Vocals are the album's weak point. They stink. If you think Cream had a problem, wait till you hear Goldberg on "That's Alright, Mama." There's just no excuse for putting this on record, unless he had laryngitis that day.

"Maxwell Street Shuffle" is one of the best tunes on the album. Like the other good ones, it is not marred by a Goldberg vocal. The rhythm section lays

down a good shuffle beat. Then comes Barry's organ, Charlie Musselwhite's harp, and Bloomfield's guitar. On this cut he gets mean, and the song is short and to the point.

"Blues for Barry and" is a good cut, but you know you've heard it somewhere before. That's just it—it's a direct descendant of "Albert's Shuffle." It seems like it might be salvaged when Michael comes back the second time and tries some things he wouldn't dare if his name was on the cover. But they all give up, and the tune evaporates in another quick fade-out.

The second side begins with "Jimi the Fox," one of the better numbers. Goldberg uses the Soul Chorus for all the vocals, but it never really makes it. It would have been good as a lead-in to a booming voice, but this way you never get off the ground. It's probably good Barry chooses not to sing. But think about this song for a minute. Wow, Mike Bloomfield plays a tribute to Jimi Hendrix. The things they could have brought off. As it is, Bloomfield plays some more blues in the background, but as a tribute, it serves nothing but his own virtuosity.

Two Jews Blues closes with "Spirit of 'Trane." This is a commendable idea—a tribute to John Coltrane. The horn solos are fine, but when Harvey Mandel enters you realize the problem. These men are still blues musicians, and on this song they are just out of their element.

No doubt Buddah Records will continue to turn out Barry Goldberg albums. They don't have the deepest stable of talent around. Anyway this release is an improvement over the *Reunion* album. So there's hope. Mazel tov.

BARRY EICHENGREEN



The Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark (A&M SP 4158)

Probably not knowing what they were getting themselves into, A&M Records recently went on a binge of signing country-rock artists, several of whom have been with the Byrds in the past.

Specifically, A&M now has as many ex-Byrds under contract as Columbia has current Byrds; there are the Flying Burrito Brothers, with Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman, and the Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark with Gene Clark and Mike Clarke, not to mention Sneaky Pete of the former and Doug Dillard of the latter, both of whom accompanied the Byrds at various stages.

The first of these groups to release a record is Dillard and Clark. Their album contains the kind of country music you get when you have a rock producer (Larry Marks) and artists who have various realms of experience in their background; it is definitely C&W, but there is an ear left open to rock, gospel and other such influences.

The chief songwriter for the record is Gene Clark, whose past efforts have not gone unnoticed. He gets a lot of help from guitarist Bernie Leadon and banjoist Doug Dillard, and the result is eight fair to good compositions.

It isn't hard to tell a Gene Clark song by its lyrics. He has a way of putting phrases which is somewhat unique (it seems to put dependent clauses where independent clauses should be). They occasionally border on the unintelligible until you think about them for awhile. But there is always a feeling for what is being said that Clark manages to create even if his poetry is confusing.

On side one, Clark's strong "Out on the Side" is followed by three other good cuts. The closer for the side is "A Train Leaves Here This Morning." This is the album's best piece, being a floating country ballad. It both relaxes and attracts the listener at the same time, and entertains him in either case.

Side two isn't as consistently good as its predecessor. "The Radio Song" and "Git it On, Brother" stand out.

The former's lyrics are stock broken romance stuff, but they have the Clark touch which keeps them from being too clichéd. The latter is a Lester Flatt gospel styled song which makes you want to sing along.

Despite having only nine songs, this record can provide about 28 minutes of better than average music. It is affected just enough by contemporary influences to make it palatable to someone who can't take straight country, but that also uncovers one of its flaws. Perhaps it is too compromising, and therefore too slick.

The liner notes make claims of its keeping the musical heritage pure and acoustic; claims which have fallen apart since the group made its live debut in L.A. (totally amplified) in December. But the album, all in all, may not be something you would want to shout about, but it is alright. JIM BICKHART



Memories, Richard and Mimi Farina (Vanguard VSD 79263)

This is a sad album. A final kind of album. It is all the bits and tag-ends of material either done by the late Richard Farina or produced by him. Needless to say it appears spotty and dis-connected at intervals compared to his earlier two albums—but those were three years ago and it is good to hear more from him.

"The Quiet Joys of Brotherhood" hauntingly opens the album. This is an early Farina song. It features Mimi's excellent voice and an orchestra conducted by Peter Schickele. It is a slow, droning piece employing inventive imagery and is Yeatsian in effect: "The mare and stallion, light and dark/have thunder in their sounds . . . /but men have come to plow the tides/the old lies on the ground/I hear their fires in the fields/they drive the stallion down . . ."

"Joy Round My Brain" was released as a single a few years back and is re-issued here—it is a happy song that sounds like its title. It is a little weak lyrically but suspended verve and wry cynicism make up for it. Incidentally, catch John Hammond's mouth-harp on this cut in particular. He was a vital part, along with Russ Savakus, Charles Small and Bruce Langhorne, of that "full" Farina sound.

"Lemonade Lady" is a bluesy, surrealistic effort that opens like a field-chant and then continues with Richard's vocal in the forefront and Mimi wailing behind. "Downtown" and "Dopico/Celebration For a Grey Day" are the only two instrumentals on the album. They serve to make one aware of how little Farina's superb dulcimer playing is present here. "Downtown" is very diminutive in size, but huge in impact. "Dopico/Celebration," however, is fully stated (even including the Frere Jacques/Darling Corey closing)—it is the quiet truth of life. This latter piece is one of two included recorded at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965—yet it has all the dynamics of the studio version.

"Almond Joy" is like "Lemonade Lady" in a lot of ways—Richard solos here with bass, piano, guitar accompaniment and sings of communication in an off-the-cuff fashion—"You're a hop-headed mother . . . but I don't love no other . . . you're a whole Almond Joy . . . you got the sugar tune play . . . doing, baby, what did you say? . . ."

"Blood Red Roses" is an unaccompanied chant with Richard and Mimi both singing and is probably the weakest piece on the album, but only because we have no viable context for it. The second cut "Morgan the Pirate" is a long Mimi vocal with an ensemble group that never quite gets together. Farina didn't produce this one, it is too jumbled. The lyrics also are a change of pace. They are much more introspective and Dylanesque in tone. If, indeed, it was the last song he wrote it was pre-

dictive: "Well, so long mother, let me say it's been a ball/and as long as you're still (pining) I resign/you have been an inspiration to your image's creation/so I think I'll step outside and pass the time—there's no time for undoing the one or two hard feelings left behind . . ."

Two songs sung by Joan Baez, produced by Richard, are included also. There must be more of these in the can. "Swallow Song" was dedicated "to Joanie" on their second album and is sung here with a baroque-sounding instrumental group. Again the poetry of the verses overpowers one—Farina was a master of the simply understated yet elegant line, much like Lorca especially here: "And will the breezes blow the petals from your hand/and will some loving ease your pain/and will this silence drive confusion from your soul/and will the swallows come again? . . ."

The other song by Joan is entitled "All the World Has Gone By" and is a sorrowful, melodic yet intense effort—it strikes me as a sequel to Farina's earlier "Children of Darkness" in the "Reflections" album. There is the same mood, the half-falling, half-rising effect. Again the Lorca-like poetry dominates: "For children are choirs of starlight/and petals are names by your side/and dreams are the murmurs of yesterday's rose/all the world has gone by . . . all the winds have gone by . . ."

The album closes fittingly with a fuller, tighter version of "Pack Up Your Sorrows"—perhaps Farina's most well-known piece. What can you say about this one? The same thing might be said about the album as a whole: It's like the tiny sounds at the end of a xylophone, like circles of Spanish guitars in the night.

GARY VON TERSCH



Sooner or Later, John Hammond (Atlantic SD 8206)

Ever since Columbia released *Super Session* both the record companies and the public have been trying to dream up bigger and better "super sessions." I have a question: Would an album including Mike Bloomfield (piano), Charley Musselwhite (harp), Robbie Robertson (guitar), Levon Helm (drums), and Eric Hudson and Barry Goldberg (organ) constitute a "super session"? How about an album with Bill Wyman, Robbie Robertson and Rick Danko? Would the public buy these albums? After all that's why records are made. All of the musicians named are bonafide "stars" so naturally one can assume that if these albums were recorded they would be monsters, right? Wrong! All of these musicians have recorded albums that have been released and none of them have sold.

My first dream "super session" recorded one half of an album called *Mirrors* and another one called *So Many Roads*. My second "super session" recorded an album called *I Can Tell*. On all of these albums these musicians were used as sidemen for John Hammond.

On his last two albums Hammond has reached a point of musical maturity where almost everything he does seems to come out right. This is especially true with his latest, *Sooner Or Later*, which is a turning point in John's career for three reasons, one being that for the first time he uses a horn section.

The second reason is that he has finally put it together. Over the years his main musical hangup has been the difference between country and city blues. So far he has recorded two and a half albums acoustically in country style and all the others in city or amplified style.

His first album was acoustic. The second album was called *Big City Blues*, the third was *Country Blues*. By the time he recorded his fourth album he was really in a quandry—it was a country influenced city blues album appro-

priately titled *So Many Roads*. His fifth and last album for Vanguard was a combination, one side acoustic the other amplified. Following the release of this album Hammond not only left Vanguard—he also left the U. S.

"Last year (1966) I spent six months in the Middle East—I thought I'd left the U. S. forever, because I'd had some pretty bad business experience, and I'm no businessman. But while I was gone I began to see myself more clearly. I realized where I related most to humanity was my home, so I came back." After he returned he signed with Atlantic. The results are *I Can Tell*, a great album which went nowhere and his new one *Sooner or Later* which hopefully won't suffer the same fate. Which brings me to the third and most important point, if this album doesn't sell it may very well be Hammond's last. Recording companies have never been known to spend bread recording artists without any financial return.

Sooner or Later is Hammond's best album. Besides doing all the vocal, harp and guitar work, he produced and arranged it. While the album doesn't qualify as a "super session," the choice of musicians is excellent. The only musician on the album whom I am familiar with is Charles Otis. Otis, besides being the drummer on *I Can Tell*, has played for Ray Charles and Fats Domino. The rest of the band is Willie Bridges (tenor and baritone sax), George Flemming or George Stubbs (piano) and Herman Pittman (bass).

The album opens with "Crosscut Saw." Hammond does a barely competent job and the only thing that makes the song rise above mediocrity is Willie Bridges' great shuffling sax work. Next is "How Many More Years," the old Howlin' Wolf standard. On this song along with "Evil Is Going On" Hammond fully realizes the potential he has always shown. Both of these songs are tough, relentless and soulful and he does a fantastic job on them. "Sooner or Later" has some incredibly good barrelhouse piano on it, the phrasing and tension are perfect. The last two songs on side one, Elmore James' "Shake Your Money Maker" and John Lee Hooker's "Sugar Mama," are done in a very country-influenced style.

Side two starts with the best version of "Nine Below Zero" this side of Sonny Boy Williamson. "Dust My Broom" is also done in a very country-influenced style. Hammond's guitar on this track is very smooth and fluid. After "Evil Is Going On" comes "That's Alright"—an oddity in that it's a Jimmie Rodgers tune, something you don't hear very often these days. Last is "Don't Start Me Talking," another Sonny Boy tune.

It would really be a drag if this turns out to be the last John Hammond album because not only will the artist suffer but so will the public. "The music I love most is the blues," he says, "and I sing them with all my heart." He really does.

STEPHEN GORDON

#122 (for Thomas)

Down to seeds
and stems now
I listen
to the wind
cracking whips
in the alley.
I sit on the edge
of the broken-down sofa
by the open window.
Sky tattooed with stars
puts its arm on the sill
and flexes its muscle.
I watch
constellations
wriggle. Then
close my eyes.
There are cracks
in all the tea-cups
and maple leaves
turn in the moonlight
outside. Not one of them
ever drops.
I feel all tangled
in the shoelaces
of the night.
I want to stay
stoned until Spring.
But I am down
to seeds and stems.

—Gary Von Tersch

Correspondence:

—Continued from Page 3

group, offhand, is the fact that they may have taken Eric Ehrmann for the verbal eunuch he is and put him on. If not, I want to compliment you on the funniest article I've seen in *ROLLING STONE* to date.

THOMAS MORAN
SELINGSGROVE, PA.

SIRS:

Have recently been "turned on" to *ROLLING STONE* and have been reading it whenever and wherever I've had the chance. Luckily, having spent the past few weeks in LA and the last few days in New York, it's been easier to get hold of than in most of the places we end up at.

I'm really only writing this to thank you for such a nice review of our album; I was surprised, but pretty gassed to read it; but I thought I'd also take the opportunity of letting you know how much I dig what it's doing. (Apart from giving us good reviews.)

When we get back to London we'll be getting together a new LP which will be very different to *Open*, as that was cut about one year and three months ago and as you can imagine we've changed a bit since then. (We'd be wasting our time if we hadn't moved on in that time.) And we'll be over in about March to tour and promote it. Thanks again.

JOOLS DRISCOLL
NEW YORK

SIRS:

We're going to be friends so let's start out with right facts. I was once married to Paul Bley, but my husband of 3 years is Michael Mantler, Music Director of the Jazz Composer's Orchestra, who is someone else you have to meet (if I judge the size of your ears correctly).

I dug the review of *A Genuine Tong Funeral* (January 4, 1969) being in the same issue as your first big spread on the MC5, the first musical and humanitarian breakthrough group that will change your life because that's what they really want/care to do.

CARLA BLEY
NEW YORK

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Free space is provided here for hungry musicians: If you need a gig, are looking for someone to play with or something to play, feel free to mail us your ad, short and to the point. If you have something to sell, on the other hand, you pay (\$2.50 per line, enclosed with the ad). Be sure to indicate city and state when you mail your ad to: Musicians' Classified, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

FEMALE LEAD singer needed by hard rock/blues band. Must be outstanding chick, exceptional voice—over 17, willing to travel. Al—745-7550 (after 6 PM), Brooklyn.

ORGANIST NEEDED by hard rock/blues band. Must have good equipment (Hammond). Over 17, willing to travel. Al—745-7550 (after 6 PM), Brooklyn.

EXPERIENCED BASSIST with time, equipment and transportation. Ike — 843-7483.

LEAD GUITARIST looking for band. Dig Cream, Sly and Family Stone, Vanilla Fudge. Harry—WA 3-1927, New York.

LOOKING FOR GIG with going people as guitarist/manager. Can do equipment thing. 387-6683, 814A 24th Avenue, San Francisco.

BASSIST/VOCALIST wants to join or form group. 6 years exp. Original ideas—rock, blues, jazz, folk. Richard Stefens—442-6408, Boulder, Colo.

CHICK SINGER, non-plastic, needs good band. Play keyboards. Many originals, novel arrangements, can travel. Cynthia Sutter—690 S. Lake Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

DRUMMER, CURRENTLY working, wants to change gig. Especially interested in an out-of-town thing. Ted — 621-4359, 829 Fell No. 10, San Francisco.

BASS PLAYER, 21, on and off for 3 years, wants to work steady. Randy—534-5084, Los Angeles.

DRIVING PROFESSIONAL electric bassist wants to play with professional musicians. Leave message with Phoebe—982-9897, San Francisco.

WANTED — GUITARIST AND bassist fluent in rock, jazz improvisation. Also versatile vocalist. Reading a necessity. 776-6796, San Francisco.

NEED GUITARISTS for new group, Bay Area only. Pat—689-2765 (after 4) or write Danie Foxe, Box 20-3084, Sta. A, Concord, California.

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER seeks position in gigging group. Union member, 21. 454-8615, Fairfax, Calif.

NEED BASSIST, keyboards, trumpet/sax, vibes/marimba to form smooth easy-going bossa nova sound for instrumentals, vocals if possible. Paul—RE 4-8275, Manhattan.

GROUP NEEDS to practice immediately. Week nights and weekends — can be somewhat flexible about time and will pay. Bob—992-6192, or Jan—285-3577 or 285-1245, San Francisco.

\$400 REWARD, no questions asked, for return of gold Les Paul Gibson serial No. 41007, stolen in Berkeley Nov. 23. Also \$100 reward for info. leading to recovery of this precious instrument. Metal plate (2"x2") under cable socket; sticker on case reads "Don't follow me, I'm lost too." This describes me without my ax. Please call 848-2592 or 626-7504, Berkeley.

ORGANIST/PIANIST seeks blues-R&B group. Much experience — can double on guitar, bass. Dave—524-3311 or 527-4828, Berkeley.

FREE COLOR photography service of professional quality for record albums, production work, distribution, offered to musicians in Greenwich Village area who cannot afford usual fees. This service will be cancelled if abused—if in need, call GR 3-4315, Custom Photography, 105 MacDougal Street, NY.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC composer will work with rock groups exploring new sounds. Experienced with tape manipulation, synthesizers, mixed-media events. R. Friedman — 848-2671, 1332 Shattuck, Berkeley.

MUSICIAN/ORGANIZERS needed. "New Left" rock groups forming with full-time political function. Contact Jerry Hertz c/o Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union—255-6575, 217 S. Hamilton, Madison, Wisconsin.

DRUMMER, TEXAN, 25, 12 years professional exp. (inc. studio work), college teacher in San Jose area, looking for blues-rock-jazz group for fairly steady playing during school year, hard work during summer. 378-3559, Los Gatos, Calif.

WANTED: TASTY, multi-facet drummer for known vocalist. Rock jazz—no trippers. Call 582-3570, New York.

ORGANIST (HARD rock) and bassist looking for band and gigs. In N.C. now, will be in LA this June. Jeff—484-3314, 2024 Winterlochen Rd., Fayetteville, N.C.

BLUES, ROCK band desperately needs 19-21 year-old lead and bass. Prefer solid hard sound, own equipment. Gardena, Torrance, LA & South Bay, Kathy — FA 1-2517, 403 E. 139th Street, L.A.

WANTED—ORGANIST/guitarist/bassist / harpist/singer. If you can't touch Winwood, don't waste a stamp. This is for real. T. P. Taylor—3735 Mt. Everest Blvd., San Diego, Calif.

GUITARIST WANTS to form band; need bass and drums. Dig 10 Years After, Blue Cheer, most blues. Mike—258-2491, Los Angeles.

YOUNG MAN with ideas, guitar, brace of harps, and a little charisma, seeks folks to play with. Object: having good time, forming country, folk-rock or blues group, or nucleus of basketball team. Tracy—477-2717, New York.

ON THE BALL manager wanted to help create new sensational mixed media group. 346-2335, San Francisco.

BLUES HARPISt—sings some, experienced. Looking to form or join mature group fully committed to blues. Object: make music, not bread. Marty Wiener—254-8280, 87 East Third Street, New York.

LEAD FEMALE singer craves work with other turned on musicians in a hard blues, hard rock bag. Linn—545-4069, Scituate, Mass.

KILLER TENOR sax, 26, with 12 years blues experience, seeks Bay Area gig. Heavy, fast solos, some vocals. Double on own organ with strong amp. Draft-free. 763-2695, Petaluma, Calif.

LEAD GUITAR, formerly with Loading Zone, seeks work with mellow players who cook. Can play some tabla and sitar. Peter—531-3123, Oakland.

DRUMMER — PROFESSIONAL, experienced, desires work with other professional musicians. Dig Cream, Linn County, Savoy Brown, Canned Heat. Michael—552-0222, San Francisco.

DRUMMER LEAVING for Europe (Holland, England, etc.) about Feb. 10-28. Any musicians interested in coming write or call for information. Serious only. John Visco—861-0636, 421 64th Street, West New York, N.J.

WANTED—GIRL lead singer for established, working all-girl rock group. Must be between 17-20, able to travel to Nassau County (Valley Stream). Frank—LA 5-7529, South Hempstead, New York.

GAY ROCK group needs singer, drummer, guitar or any new interesting sound. Must be 21, interested in writing original songs on gay life. P.O. Box 5501, Stanford, Calif.

DRUMMER & LEAD guitarist with own equipment, many ideas, looking for other musicians with same. Grant—588-5490; Tim—873-1419, South San Francisco.

SINGER, WORKING, with some contacts in the West and in NYC, looking for small blues ensemble to front. If you've got it together leave message for Eugene Blythe at JU 6-6300, New York.

HEAVY BASS, age 25, 8 years exp., seeks work with good established working or recording group. Robert Ledger—466-3841, 2014 N. Argyle, Hollywood.

MEAN BLUES/rock group seeks singer—982-9897, San Francisco.

BLUES/JAZZ/rock guitarist needs job in established group. Dig Clapton, Bloomfield. Joe Jr.—475-4055, Syracuse, New York.

DRUMMER/VOCALIST wants work—any kind of music that turns you on, pro or on the way. Also some guitar and keyboard. Let's learn our things by doing them together. Bruce—661-3069, San Francisco.

GUITARIST, WIDE experience (7 years): also sing, write. Robert Joyce—2130 24th Street, San Francisco.



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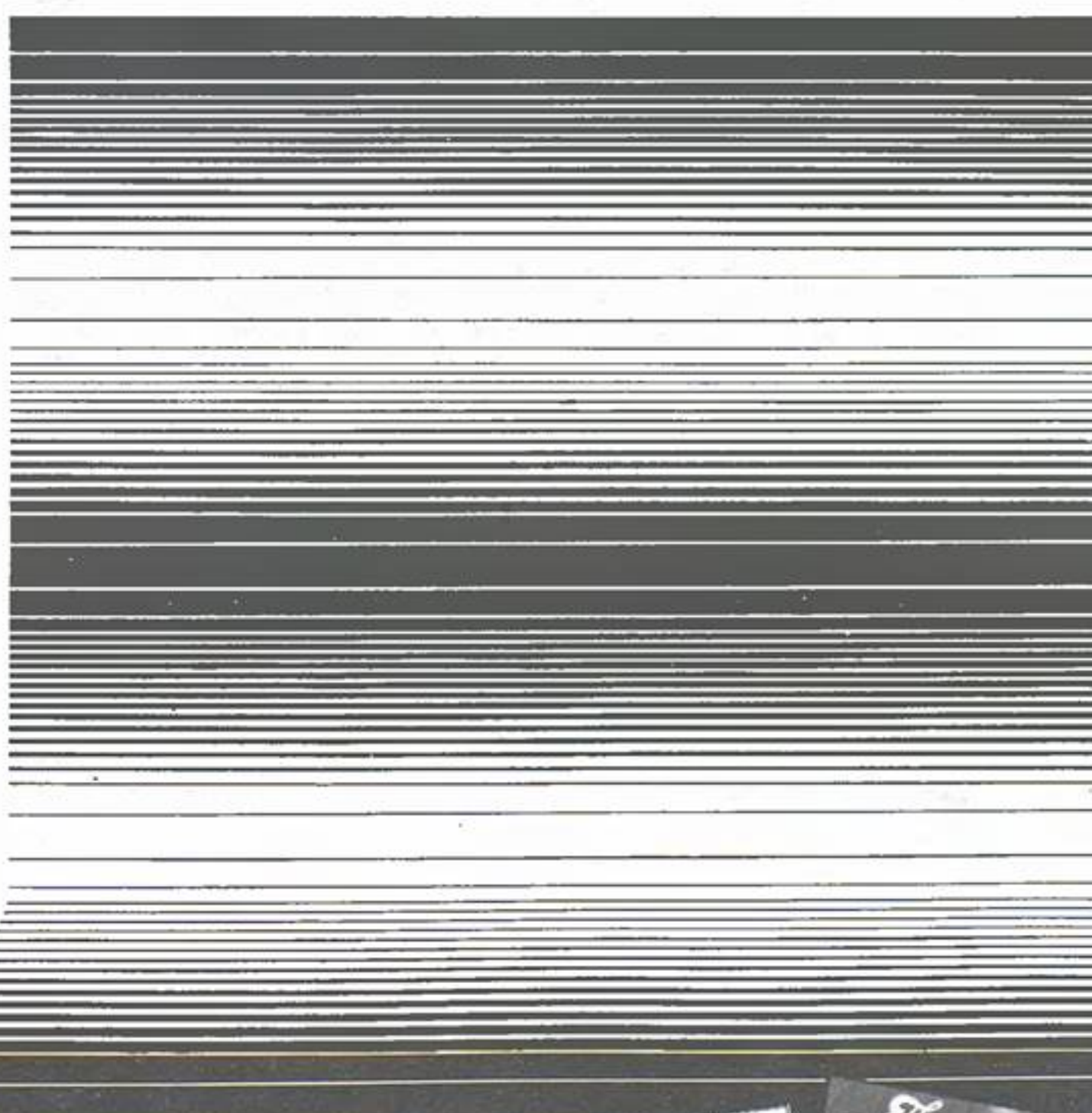


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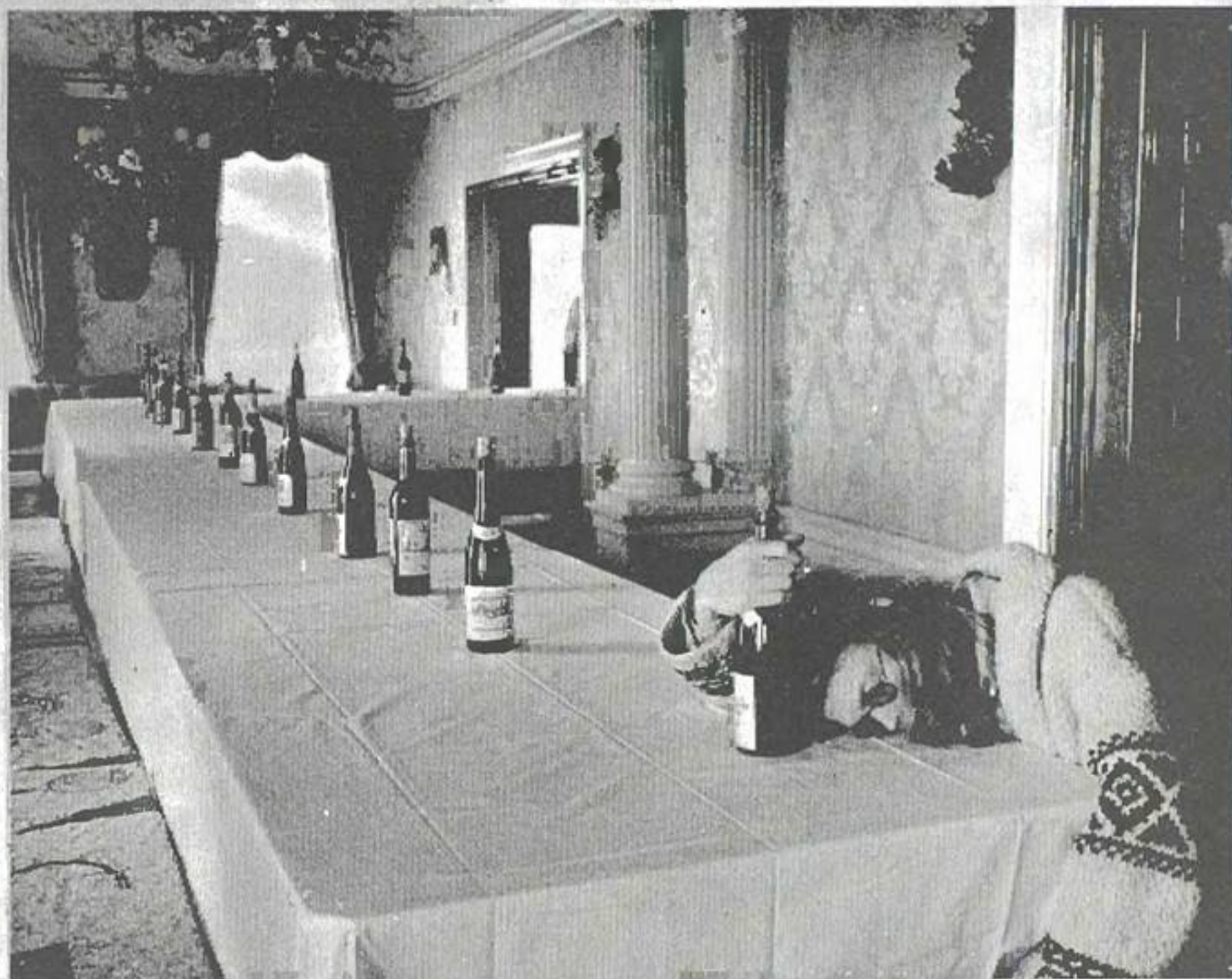


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